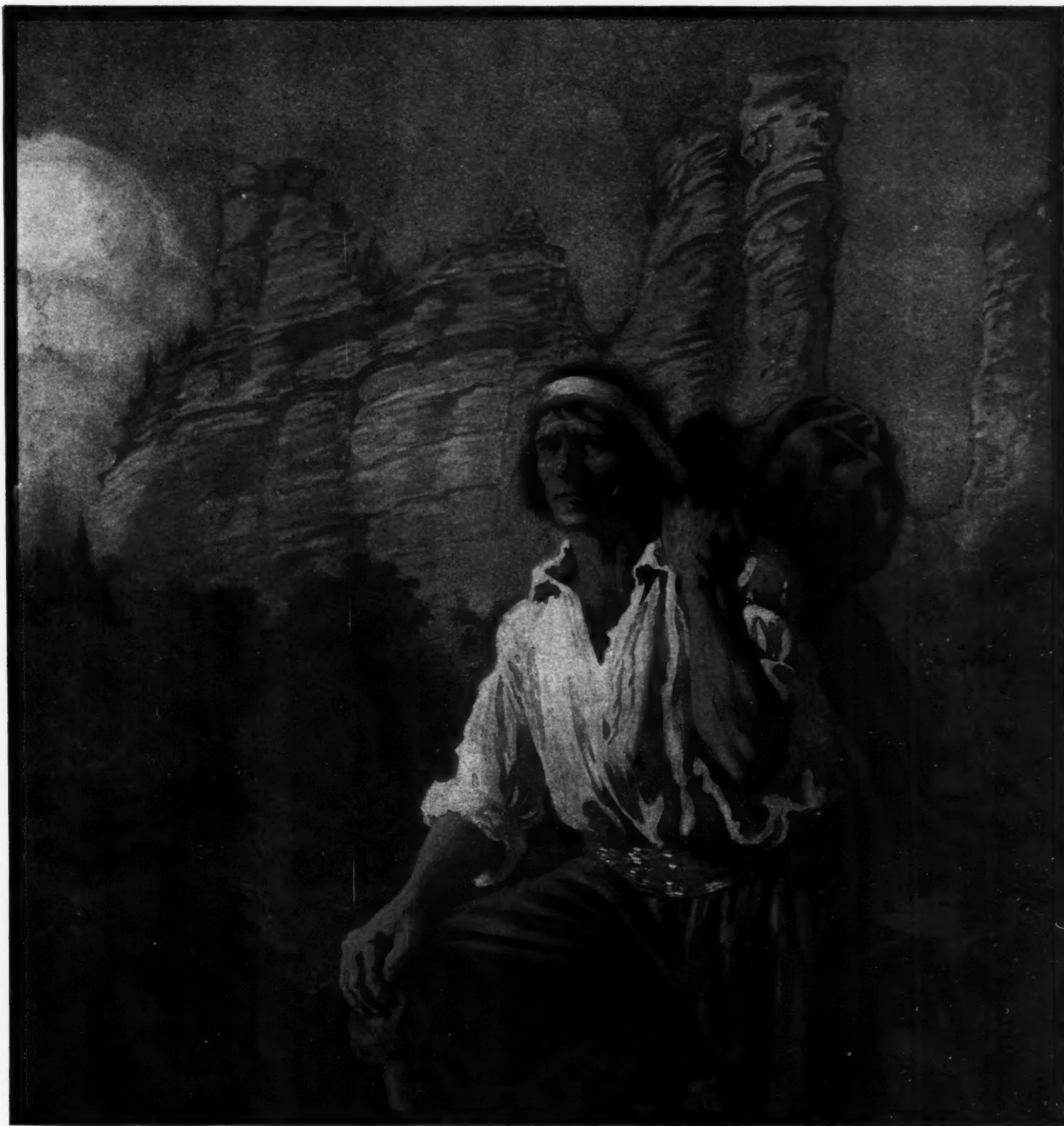


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



IN 1635 JEAN NICOLLET • FRENCH INTERPRETER
AT THE HURON MISSION • FIRED BY TALES OF
ALMOND-EYED PALEFACES BEYOND THE SUN-
SET • BROKE A FRESH TRAIL THROUGH THE
WESTERN WILDERNESS AND WAS THE FIRST
WHITE MAN TO GAZE UPON LAKE MICHIGAN • THE FIRST
TO SET FOOT UPON WISCONSIN SOIL

SEPTEMBER 27, 1923



"RIGHT OVER THE HOME PLATE"

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

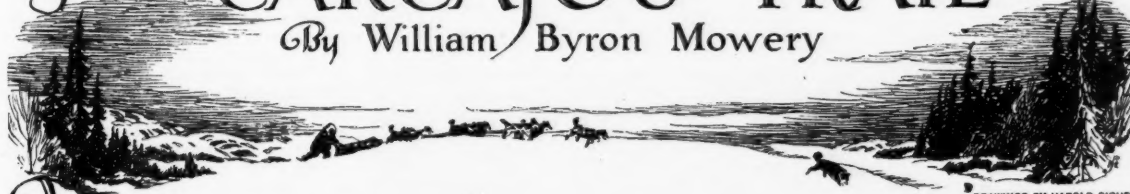
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

Copyright, 1923, by Perry Mason Company, Boston, Mass.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50—SEVEN CENTS A COPY

The CARCAJOU TRAIL

By William Byron Mowery



BRIAN McLENNAN had come sixty miles that day over the komatik trail from Hebron, and when he reached his stopping place he found his cache rifled. He muttered angrily as he looked at the empty cairn where he had stored some big ten-to-twelve-pound namaycush late that fall, relying upon them to feed his dog team on his monthly trip to and from the post. "T' carcajou again!" he exclaimed to the team that were sitting on their haunches, expecting to be fed. "C'mon, b'ys, us has to make t' next cache afore youse get fed. I knows t' carcajou can't get those fish on t' scaffold. Up along, Spot!"

The thirteen miles to the next cache were quickly passed, and McLennan generously cut up two big namaycush and fed the hungry dogs. He was about to harness the string again to make the remaining twenty miles through the bright night when a dog barked on the trail ahead and his own team set up an answering chorus.

Out of the deer bush came an eight-dog komatik. McLennan knew the driver only as "Tim." At the post they spoke of him as "the Cree," because he was three-fourths Indian. McLennan had met the Cree only once, although their trap lines lay within the neighborly distance of thirty miles from each other. The newcomer was more than middle-aged; he was swarthy and in his fur coat and sealskin dickey looked like a full-blood Eskimo.

"How do, Tim?" McLennan greeted him. Then, eying the lean, hungry team, he added: "Want a couple namaycush for t' pups?"

Tim nodded. McLennan threw a pair of twelve-pounders off the scaffold and prevented a serious fight among the dogs by cracking his whip over them. They bolted the frozen fish and looked hungrier than ever. The trapper threw them two more namaycush. But without a grunt of thanks Tim started harnessing the string up again.

The lead dog dodged him and nosed about for another scrap. Tim cornered the dog, caught his trace and kicked him with a heavy boot. The rest of the team lay quiet in their harness; they were tamed, broken in spirit—but the lead dog was not. He was a splendid two-year-old, big, husky and handsome with shiny long fur and gleaming, sharp white teeth. McLennan saw that he was one of those dogs that are never broken or tamed.

"Why do youse beat t' pup?" the trapper asked. "Twon't do he any good."

"Him won't mush, an' him spiles tothers with his stubborn ways," Tim replied. "I'll kill 'im, I wills."

McLennan's anger rose when the half-breed struck the dog with a pole. He knew now that this was one of those silent feuds between a master and his dog in which a dog may be beaten to death before he will break and cringe.

"Quit that!" McLennan cried when Tim caught the dog's muzzle in his hand to keep him from howling and laid across his back with a knotty spruce pole. "Twon't help t' pup any."

"T' pup's mine," Tim replied savagely.

It was the best answer he could have made, for in the Labrador to interfere between a man and his dogs is a breach of

the unwritten law. McLennan resolutely turned his eyes away from the sight and was about to give the "mush" word to his team when a moan escaped from the dog's clamped jaws.

Brian McLennan loved dogs with an understanding love born of deep sympathy with the hard life of the komatik husky. To drive on would be cowardly. To see the splendid leader beaten to death to appease the spiteful temper of the Cree was more than he could bear, unwritten law or none.

Tim felt a heavy hand catch his descending arm. He tried to shake it off, but the hand had a grip that was like iron. "I told youse to quit that," McLennan said in a throaty voice. "And I mean it!"

"T' pup's mine. Le' go!"

"I'll buy 'im."

"I won't sell 'im. Him's mine. I can kill 'im if I likes."

He brought the pole down on the dog again, and McLennan drew back his hand and slapped. His fingers left their marks on the Cree's swarthy cheek. The next instant the two men were rolling in the snow, pounding and punching each other, the trapper trying desperately to keep the Indian's hand away from the knife sheath at his belt.

The fight was hot but short. It was over in less than two minutes. McLennan got to his feet and looked down at the bloody countenance of the dog beater. "Youse'll find twenty dollars to youse credit at t' Revillon Frères post store this spring. T' pup's mine. An' let me tell youse somethink—don't ever give that pup a chanct to rip up youse neck. Him's got it in for youse."

The trapper approached the snarling dog and put out his hand. Expecting to be hit or kicked, the husky snapped it. Brian bit his lip to stand the pain, but he patted the dog's head with his free hand. Slowly the suspicious hate faded from the lead dog's brown eyes. Disregarding his soft growling, McLennan slipped his arm round the splendid animal. "Careful, b'y, careful. That Cree won't lick youse any more. Youse is mine."

The dog snarled malevolently at Tim as the Cree got up from the snow, straightened out the tangled harness and, shaking his fist at the trapper, lashed his team into the trail.

"Youse had better watch out," the trapper said softly half to himself. "This pup will even think up. C'mon, pup; us is headin' home."

The next day McLennan needed firewood and decided to give the new dog a chance to lead, especially since it had whipped the leader and half the string that morning at breakfast. By coaxing and gentleness he got the dog to go under harness, but it was a sorry leadership. The pup simply had no heart for draft work. He was unhappy, and the whole team reflected his mood. At noon the trapper took him out in disgust

and put back the old lead dog. "Youse is a fine-lookin' pup. A dawg that stacks up as pretty as youse must be good for somethink," he said in puzzled tones as he unharnessed him. "Youse come along with me on the fur path this afternoon. Mebbe we'll run across t' carcajou."

McLennan was right; the dog did have a forte. That afternoon he picked up a fleet white fox on a downhill run and caught a shadowy snowshoe rabbit on a level stretch. Never before had the trapper seen such a dog for speed. One of the traps held a wolf. He let the dog go in to try him out in a fight; the wolf was only a mouthful for the big husky. Wondering more and more at his marvelous powers, McLennan set him late that afternoon on a caribou trail that he knew was a week old and that had blown shut. For half a mile, until the trapper's shrill whistle recalled him, the dog followed the cold trail unerringly.

Brian's blue eyes opened in amazement. "B'y, youse is a whiz," he said, thumping the dog and grinning at the low throaty growl of joy. "Youse is not a komatik pup; youse is a hunter. Youse name is Deerfoot, hear that? T' next time t' carcajou runs my traps it's for youse to track 'im down, 'cause his tracks blows shut, and I can't chase 'im. Youse cost me twenty big dollars, pup, and this is a hard winter. Got only about one hundred dollars' worth of hides, Deerfoot. Somethink's wrong."

Deerfoot, thus christened, wagged his tail. The season had indeed gone badly with McLennan. Persistent hard luck had followed his trap line. He had gone back up into the interior almost to the height of land, where black and silver foxes were plentiful. His trap line was long and hard to run; yet his catch those first three months had been wretched.

The natural explanation was—carcajou, the wolverene. Time after time McLennan had

found traps sprung and the game gone. The thief seemed to show a diabolic cunning in choosing the most valuable pelts to steal and leaving the cheap furs in the trap. McLennan had tried the trapper's tricks of double sets, snowfalls and hanging bait, but without success. Never a sign or a track of the wolverene did he see, though he hunted it day after day for weeks on end.

In calm weather when he could have trailed the thief it craftily stayed off the range, hiding perhaps somewhere in one of the neighboring river valleys. It seemed to be able to tell just when the snowstorms were coming, and it always made the rounds of the traps just before the blizzard swooped. The heavy snowfall and the lashing winds tearing down from the Ungava buried all signs of the robber, and McLennan was forced to stay in his cabin till the norther passed. It got two thirds of his catches by coming at those times, because then all the fur animals, feeling the approach of the blizzards, became restless in their dens and "ran."

So McLennan rejoiced in the hunting prowess of Deerfoot. Although the robber's tracks, buried and blown shut, were hidden from the eyes of man, the scent remained. A keen hunting dog could run down the carcajou and rid the valley of the evil scourge, whereas even so wise a trapper as McLennan was at his wit's end.

There came a three-day norther during which neither man nor dog could stir out. Deep down in the drift behind the cabin the komatik team slept soundly, but Deerfoot lay on a bearskin under the bunk inside the cabin and ate the fried fish and pork bun that Brian ate. The trapper shrewdly guessed that the young dog had passed the first two years of his life under masters as flinty and cruel as Cree Tim, and that he had lost faith in mankind. But now he had responded to McLennan's admiration and friendship with all his fierce, open, generous nature. As a trap-line companion through the desolate, barren deer bush Brian had found him invaluable; through his fleetness of foot and keenness of scent he had picked up as much game along the route as Brian himself had caught in his traps.

On the fourth day of the storm the wind "laid" at midnight; the gray swift clouds vanished in the twinkling of an eye, and the stars came out. The sudden stopping of the shrieking gusts awoke the trapper. He managed to get out of the door and to the top of the drift. It was bitter cold. It seemed as

"An' let me tell youse somethink—don't ever give that pup a chanct to rip up youse neck!"



if a weight were pressing upon the earth, as if the Labrador were being squeezed and cracked by the icy hand of winter. The northern lights were searching the sky; their swishing, silky sound was distinctly audible in the intense, quiet cold.

McLennan went back into the cabin, strapped on his rackets, fed Deerfoot and ate a snatch. Then he and the dog started out together over the fur path.

It was the same wearisome story. Trap after trap was "knocked," but not an animal of value was caught except perhaps a wolf or a low-priced fox. McLennan was exasperated as he swung along the route with empty fur bag. Near the end of his first line a tuft of black-fox hair in an empty, sprung trap made him furious. Evidently the carcajou had gone the whole round of the traps, and at one set he had destroyed a five-hundred-dollar black-fox pelt! Not a track was visible on the white expanse; fine, sifting snow had fallen since the marauder had made the rounds, and the whirling wind had covered the trail with it.

Deerfoot acted strangely that morning. He was in a sullen temper. Sometimes he ran ahead along the route; sometimes he slouched behind McLennan. The trapper could see that he was straining to trail the robber; he needed no encouragement, only permission. But Brian refused permission till he had an absolutely certain case of pilfering, where the trail would be sure. A trap at a certain fox bed was sprung. He shoveled the snow off the stump to which the trap was fastened; the wood was freshly gnawed and scratched—proving beyond doubt that an animal had been caught. The trapper put the dog on the scent and encouraged him.

Deerfoot eagerly caught up the trail and started down along the river. Satisfied that he was trailing the robber, and fiercely exulting at a chance to run the animal down, McLennan called Deerfoot back, went home for the *komatik*, the dogs, the guns, the camping outfit and the grub. Back at the spot by noon, he slipped the leash from the eager dog and started after him at a swift run.

The carcajou is the special enemy of those few hardy "Liveyeres" who fish along the coast in summer, but whose living in the main depends upon the winter catch of furs up the rivers and on the outside fringe of the thousands of interior lakes in the vast peninsula. A trapper who comes upon the hated, sprawling track of a carcajou will drop all work and run down the scourge. And when the carcajou knows that it is being pursued it will straighten out its course and head into the wildest country.

In bringing his *komatik* and supplies, McLennan had resolved to track the beast to the Ungava and back if necessary to kill it. Deerfoot trailed unerringly and so swiftly that the galloping team and flying man on snowshoes labored and panted to keep up with him. The trail led down the Roc Rouge Valley till late in the afternoon, when it turned due north, crossed a range of high hills and plunged into the deep spruce of another valley. The scent beneath the snow became warmer, and Deerfoot tried frantically to run away from his followers. McLennan had to call him back several times and that night had to tie him up to keep him from running off and losing himself. Moreover, the trapper took the added precaution of using a wire leash next to the dog's collar so that he could not chew himself loose.

The camp was at the head of a gorge with a sheltering boulder above and a dark slit of a chasm a few feet down the sloping ledge. The rock broke the force of the "blizzard trailer" that had risen that afternoon and that was sobbing in the spruce and whistling round the rocks. It was a wild, lonely spot, but McLennan was thankful to find any kind of shelter from the wind. In the valley he had shot a brace of grouse for supper. He fed the dogs and looked carefully at Deerfoot's feet for signs of cracked pads. The dog team dug themselves down deep into the warm snow, but Deerfoot sat on his haunches on top of the drift, whining and watching his master. Brian fried some bannocks to go with the grouse and "boiled the kettle" for tea. Tired and sore from his long eighteen-hour run on rackets, he climbed into his sealskin bag, buttoned the flap over his face and in an instant was sound asleep.

Hours later when the wind had risen to a fury and was lashing the hills and heavy snow clouds blotted out all light from the stars and the borealis Brian was awakened

by a furious snarling and fighting. Instantly he knew that Deerfoot was in a death grip with something. As quickly as he could he extricated himself from the sleeping bag, clamped on his rackets and sprang forward into the pitchy darkness.

An upward blast of wind struck him in the face. With terror clutching him at the sudden remembrance of the fissure, he threw himself flat backward. His rackets pushed snow over the dark edge, so close had been his escape.

He edged carefully back from the brink; then he listened. He could no longer hear the scuffle. He whistled softly and called to the dog. There was no answering whine. Knowing that Deerfoot could not break the heavy braided line and wire, Brian crawled through the darkness to the small black balsam to which he had tied the dog. He groped till he found the line. It was stretched taut. He followed it slowly toward the edge of the chasm, wondering what had happened.

The line quivered in his hand, and suddenly he knew. Deerfoot had rolled over the edge of the fissure, locked in struggle with the unknown enemy. Brian slipped to the very brink of the rock and, stamping his rackets into the drift, hauled up the dog hand over hand—a dead weight of one hundred pounds. Deerfoot's still form came heavily over the edge.

With trembling hands Brian loosened the broad collar and made sure that the dog's neck was not broken. He pressed his hand along the fifth rib till with an exultant surge of joy he felt a feeble, slow thump. After that he worked feverishly over the body of the dog. When Deerfoot opened his glistening eyes and wagged his tail once the trapper knew the dog would live.

He carried him to the foot of the boulder, where he lighted a big fire of spruce limbs. Deerfoot gobbled up a pan of warm brewis and in an hour was as vigorous and sound as he had been before his almost fatal accident.

Throughout the rest of the night Brian stayed awake and fed the fire. Deerfoot slept at his feet, whining uneasily. When daylight came the blizzard trailer had become worse. All signs of the fight the night before were blotted out. Brian walked to the edge of the rock and looked down into the fissures. Snow-laden bushes and jagged outcroppings cut off his view of the bottom two hundred feet below. One thing was certain: whatever Deerfoot had fought had plunged to a swift sure death.

If Deerfoot's actions had been strange the day before they were doubly so that morning. He refused to follow the trail they had been on.

"C'mon, b'y," the trapper coaxed him. "Us has got to get 'im."

But Deerfoot showed no interest in the trail.

Brian's anger kindled, but he controlled it. He reasoned that the terrifying experience of the night before had shattered the dog's nerve. Reluctantly McLennan acknowledged himself beaten by the carcajou just when he had felt sure of killing the robber. He stuck his whip handle down through the snow and prodded the sleeping dogs. They burst out, slipped into their traces with yelps of protest, and the *komatik* started up the valley on the straight line for home.

A thousand yards away from the ravine Deerfoot suddenly bristled up and growled. Brian urged him, wondering what was wrong. The dog started to enter a little hollow that was heavily timbered with big river spruce. At a word from the trapper the lead dog swung the *komatik* round, and they were off after Deerfoot.

Brian's eyes bulged when Deerfoot led them round a rock and into a larch thicket to a trapper's shack. He was astonished because he knew that there had been no regular trapper in that valley. The nearest "Liveyere" to him was Cree Tim, who was supposed to have a trap line thirty miles on the other side of his own fur path.

McLennan had to stoop to get through the low door. He saw at a glance that the shack had been recently occupied. What interested him chiefly, however, was the fur that dangled from the rafters on stretching boards. It was the most splendid catch he had seen in many days: three black foxes, two perfectly matched silvers, several valuable crosses, a score of white Arctic foxes and a few marten, mink, fisher and otter skins. There were only fifty hides, but they were worth at least twenty-five hundred dollars!

The absence of cheap furs such as wolf,

muskrat and lynx, which always made up the bulk of a trapper's catch, aroused Brian's suspicions. Moreover, one of the black-fox pelts was fresh!

He looked about the cabin for clues to the owner. There were none. He knitted his brows slowly; then he hurried out of the shack, fastened the door carefully on the precious fur and, shouting to Deerfoot and to Spot, raced back to the ledge.

Before starting to hunt in the snow he made sure that he could not get down into the fissure itself. It was a mere slit of a gorge, wild and jagged at the bottom and so deep that a tall river spruce growing at the bottom reared scarcely halfway up the steep wall. With his racket he began digging in the drift round the spot where Deerfoot had attacked the prowler the night before. It was hard work and uncertain, and he was about to give up and abandon the idea that had occurred to him back at the shack when his racket scooped a shiny object out of the drift near the edge of the fissure. He picked it up. It was a long, keen knife. There was no mistaking the carved bone handle; it was the same knife that Cree Tim had tried to use on him the day he had saved Deerfoot!

With the Indian's knife in his hand Brian stood thinking and looking down into the fissure. The telltale weapon proved that the carcajou he had been trailing was a carcajou in human form. In the light of the discovery of the knife the mystifying incidents of the

past three months became clear. The trapper understood now the uncanny, human ability of the supposed animal in choosing the right hour to rob the traps; he understood the choice of the best furs. He knew that in rifling the caches and the trap lines the Cree had purposely made the work appear like that of a carcajou. He remembered that he had wondered at the strange coming and going of Cree Tim; and he realized that his shots at the grouse the evening before had warned the thief that he was being trailed. Deerfoot's savage temper on the trail the day before was owing to his fierce hate of the man who had tried to beat him to death in the harness.

The trapper shuddered at the thought of the murderous half-breed creeping along the ledge upon him on that wild night while he was in the sleeping bag, unconscious of danger and of Deerfoot's savage fight to the death when he caught the would-be slayer creeping upon his beloved master—

"B'y," said McLennan, taking the pup's head in his hands and pointing down into the gorge, "I saved youse ornery hide that day, and now youse found t' fur down in t' shack for me and saved my hide sure 'nough last night from black Tim. I calls that fast work. I hereby emancipates youse from t' *komatik* for good an' agrees to love, feed an' thump youse myself t' rest of youse born days."

Deerfoot's wagging tail meant that he agreed to the proposal to the last detail.

RALPH ILLINSON

By Arthur Stanwood Pier



Chapter Nine. Stuart's right arm

WHEN Ralph opened his eyes he found himself lying on the floor of a room that was strange to him. For a few moments his thoughts groped in confusion in his aching head; he could not understand what had happened. The last thing that he remembered—what was it? Then there came to his memory the arrival of the plumber, the unlocking of the door—Ralph drew himself up and sat for a moment looking round him dizzily, trying to think. His head hurt him; he put his hand up and felt the lump above his ear.

Where was he anyway?

He got unsteadily to his feet; a glance out of the window reassured him. There was the Whitneys' house just off through the maple trees. He went to the window and looked down. On the driveway immediately below him was an empty motor truck.

Then suddenly the truth flashed upon him. The plumber and his assistant were not plumbers at all; they had come to rob the house. They were robbing it at that moment.

He went to the door and tried to open it, but it was locked. He stood irresolute, swaying with weakness, wondering what he could do. His head ached violently. He might open the window and shout for Phil; but if he did that, the robbers would hear him and would probably do more than knock him senseless. Then there came to him sounds from downstairs—a noise as of furniture being smashed. It ceased; in a moment Ralph heard steps ascending the stairs.

"If it ain't in the sideboard, look in all the drawers, bust open the trunks," he heard a

voice say; it was the voice of the man who had announced himself as the plumber.

"Maybe I'd better look in on that kid and make sure he's still sleeping."

Ralph stood transfixed.

"No," replied the other in a tone of authority; "don't waste time. He couldn't do a thing if he did wake up."

Then in a remote part of the house sounded faintly the banging of drawers.

Ralph was no longer aware of the throbbing pain in his head; he was too much excited now to give any heed to physical sensations. Robbers still in the house, still hunting for loot—silverware of course; and it was up in the attic, and they would surely find it. He went again to the window, hoping that he might see Phil Allen and call to him quietly. He opened the window as gently as possible and put out his head, but Phil was nowhere to be seen.

The sight of the empty motor truck waiting below gave Ralph an idea. He was familiar with the make; he knew how to drive a car of that kind. If he could only get down to it and get it started while the robbers were still absorbed in their search! If he could do that, he would leave them unable to make off with their booty.

But the window was a good twenty-five feet from the ground, and there were no projections beneath it by which he might conceivably make a descent. The room was bare of furnishings; there were no curtains at the windows, no bedclothes on the bed; there was nothing that could be transformed into a rope.

The next moment Ralph was pulling off his flannel shirt. With his knife he slashed strips from the back and front; hastily he tied them together and then tied one end of the strip thus formed to the end of one of the sleeves. Then to the staple in the outer wall that caught and held the outside shutter he fastened one end of his rope. Would the staple bear his weight, would his rope hold? Even if it did, it would mean a drop of perhaps twelve feet.

It had taken time to make these preparations. As he was cautiously putting one foot out of the window he heard a cry of exultation from the floor above: "Here's the stuff!" He realized that in a few moments now the robbers would be carrying their plunder down the stairs. So without any wavering or delay he swung off—and gave an exclamation of relief at finding that both staple and rope held.

But when he hung dangling at the extreme end of his shirt sleeve and looked down, it seemed indeed a formidable drop. However, whether it meant a broken leg or a sprained ankle, it would have to be done. He swung himself out a little from the wall and let go.

He struck with a jar that seemed to drive his backbone up into his brain, and he fell in a heap. For a moment he didn't know whether he should be able to get to his feet or not; but when he did get to them he found that he was all right, except that now his head felt as if it had been split open with an axe.

He laid hold of the crank handle of the truck and gave it a turn with no result. He tried again—with no result. A third effort, and the engine started; and Ralph climbed hastily though with tottering legs into the driver's seat. He heard a yell from inside the house; he let in the clutch; the car moved; and at the same time Ralph lifted up his voice and shouted, "Phil! O Phil!"

He was making fair speed down the driveway when one of the men burst out of the house and ran across the lawn to intercept him. Ralph couldn't drive faster and make the turn at the gateway in safety. The man overtook him, caught at the seat with one hand and got his foot on the step; Ralph in desperation lunged at him with his fist; the robber's foot slipped from the step, and he fell. Ralph heard a shriek and looked back. The man was lying in the driveway; the second robber, who had just emerged from the house in time to see the accident that had befallen his confederate, was fleeing empty-handed across the garden to the side street.

Ralph stopped the truck and climbed down. And just then Phil came running round from behind the garage and made after the fleeing figure. But Ralph did not join in the chase; he went to the man lying on the ground.

"Much hurt?" he asked.

The man replied with a volley of curses.

"Then I guess you're not much hurt," said Ralph. "You can lie there till the police get you for all I care."

Phil came running up, breathless and excited; the fellow that he had been pursuing had got safe across the fence, and Phil had not thought it worth while to follow farther.

"What's Sneed been up to?" he asked.

"Sneed?" Ralph looked at Phil inquiringly and then at the man on the ground.

"Yes, your old friend."

"Why, what about him?"

Phil stared. "Didn't you see? That was him I was chasing just now."

Ralph uttered an ejaculation of astonishment and put his hand up to his aching head. "Then he was the big stiff that hit me that crack over the head?"

"Hit you, did he? What have we here?"

Phil looked at the scowling, defiant face of the injured man.

"He fell under the wheels while he was trying to drag me off the seat," replied Ralph. "Went over his leg, I guess."

With a garnishment of oaths the victim informed them that they had broken his leg for him, and that they would mighty well be sorry for it some day.

"Go in and telephone to the police," said Phil. "I'll watch him, but I guess there's not much chance of his trying to crawl away. Tell them to bring an ambulance, and tell them to go after Sneed."

Ralph acted in accordance with the suggestion; he also telephoned to Mr. Woodbury, who arrived on the scene almost as soon as the police did. In fact, Mr. Woodbury was in time to see the robber put into the police ambulance on a stretcher. Then, after the ambulance had sped away with clanging gong, Mr. Woodbury went over the house with Ralph and Phil and a police officer. The visit of the thieves had been destructive enough; they had smashed sideboard and cabinets and bureaus; but after a thorough examination Mr. Woodbury decided that they had taken absolutely nothing.

"I guess we'll find that the truck that they came in was stolen," remarked the police officer. "That fellow Weissner that we've carted off is an old hand. We'll soon get the other bird. We've had our eye on him; he's a bad one."

After the police officer had gone Mr. Woodbury, while he moved about the dining room setting the damaged furniture to rights, got from Ralph the whole story.

"I suppose I did wrong to let them into the house," Ralph said. "But when Weissner told me that he was the plumber, and that you'd ordered him to clean out the furnace pipes and to get the key from me, it never occurred to me for a moment to doubt him."



He struck with a jar that seemed to drive his backbone up into his brain

He passed his hand over his head; a troubled, strange look had come suddenly into his face.

"It wouldn't have occurred to me either, if I'd been you," said Mr. Woodbury. "And I think you showed good courage and good headwork. I guess, Ralph, I didn't make any mistake in leaving the place in your care." He smiled, and then as he looked again at Ralph the expression of his face changed. He caught Ralph in his arms just as the boy fell limp, a dead weight, unconscious. Phil, who had been on his knees before the sideboard, sprang up at Mr. Woodbury's cry and helped him to lay Ralph down on the floor. They got cold water and bathed his head, but it did not revive him.

"I'm afraid it's worse than a faint," said Mr. Woodbury anxiously. "Do you know who is his family doctor?"

"Dr. James Harris," said Phil.

Mr. Woodbury telephoned, and then while waiting for the doctor to come he and Phil continued their efforts to restore Ralph to consciousness. But he lay still, breathing stertorously.

"This will be tough for his family," muttered Phil. "Two casualties in the family in two days."

"How's that?" asked Mr. Woodbury.

"They heard only yesterday his brother's been seriously wounded in France. That's all they know about it. What do you suppose can be the matter with Ralph, Mr. Woodbury?"

"I don't know. That blow on the head—it may have ruptured a blood vessel. I'm afraid it may be serious."

The doctor came in a few minutes. When he had heard how the injury had occurred and had made a brief examination he said, "I think that he had better be sent right away to a hospital; I want Dr. Gibbs to see him. He's the best man I know for a case of this kind. I'll call up the family and explain to them."

In a moment the doctor was talking with Mrs. Illinson; it was evident from his efforts

to be reassuring that she was terrified by the news that he gave her.

"Tell her I'll come right down in my car and take her in to the hospital at once," said Mr. Woodbury; and the doctor transmitted the message.

"Yes," said the doctor as he hung up the receiver. "You do that; I'll call up the Central Hospital now and have them send an ambulance, and I'll get Dr. Gibbs."

Mr. Woodbury found Mrs. Illinson pacing up and down nervously on the sidewalk in front of her house.

"I think he is sure to be all right," he said when she had seated herself beside him. "He seemed so perfectly all right a moment before he keeled over. And he'd done such a lot since he received the injury—I should not be surprised if it was just nervous exhaustion."

He told Mrs. Illinson what had happened; she sat with her hands pressed tight together in her lap, her eyes gazing straight ahead.

"His brother's just been wounded in France," she said. "We heard only yesterday. And last night Ralph was wishing he was the one—he thought we wouldn't care so much—" She stopped for a moment to regain self-control. "He's sensitive,—and he felt he was always falling short of Stuart,—but there never was a dearer boy."

"I am sure of it; I'm sure that he will be all right," was all Mr. Woodbury could say.

Mr. Illinson, whom his wife had reached by telephone, was already at the hospital when they arrived, and in a few minutes Stella came, summoned from the canning kitchen. They were taken presently into the room where Ralph lay in bed, unconscious. His mother kissed him and said, "Ralph, dear, don't you know me?" She kissed him and kissed him again and then rose from the bedside, weeping.

Dr. Gibbs said, "I think that we had better operate immediately."

"How—how dangerous is it?" Mr. Illinson asked the question in a husky voice; his

wife and his daughter in an agony of silence hung upon the answer.

"I can't deny that it's dangerous," replied the surgeon. "But it will be more dangerous to do nothing. My judgment is that there has been a middle meningeal hemorrhage, and that there's a blood clot pressing on the brain."

"Do you think there's any hope at all?" It was Mrs. Illinson who spoke.

"I do."

He would not say more, and the fact that he was so chary of reassuring words made them feel that the case was desperate.

While the operation was taking place the father and mother and sister waited in the hospital parlor; Stella and Mrs. Illinson sat side by side on the sofa, clasping each other's hands; Mr. Illinson paced the room but paused now and then by the door as if to listen. Nurses and visitors passing in the corridor laughed and chatted. "How can they?" murmured the overwrought mother, and at a blithe peal of laughter from a young probationer she gripped Stella's fingers.

At last Dr. Gibbs appeared to them. "Everything looks favorable; that's all I can say," he announced. "He's coming out of the ether; we've removed the cause of the trouble; I can't see any reason now why things shouldn't go well. So you'd better all go home and get a good sleep."

"You really think it will be all right for us to go to sleep?" asked Mrs. Illinson.

Dr. Gibbs laughed. "I really think it will be. I don't believe he'll be in a condition to see you for a day or two; his brain may be clouded and bothered for a while. But I honestly feel that you needn't be anxious about the outcome."

"Oh, it's so wonderful to have you say that!"

And then Mr. Woodbury entered the room—somewhat diffidently.

"It's good news, isn't it?" he asked, and when he had been assured that it was he announced to the Illinson family that his car was waiting outside, and that he would take them home. They found that because of his anxiety about Ralph he was spending the night in town instead of going to the seashore to his family. He had been sitting in the parlor all the time that they were in the parlor. Mr. Illinson tried to express his appreciation of such sympathetic interest.

"Why shouldn't I?" asked Mr. Woodbury. "Ralph got hurt protecting my property, and he protected it after he was hurt. I should think I ought to feel some gratitude to him."

The Illinsons entered their house exhausted but with a spirit of thankfulness in their hearts.

"And now," said Mrs. Illinson, "if we could only get some good news about Stuart! Was there ever a time, I wonder, when we were really care-free and happy?"

The news from Stuart came on the day when Mrs. Illinson was first permitted to see Ralph. She hardly knew whether it was good news or bad; it made her weep, and it made her happy; one moment her heart was torn with anguish, thinking of it, and the next it danced for selfish joy.

She found Ralph looking pale, but smiling out of the bandages that swathed his head.

"I feel as if I'd been asleep for days and days," he said, "and I guess from what they tell me I pretty nearly have. But I've come to my senses at last. Have you any news about Stuart, mother?"

"Yes. Just today, dear. It—it wasn't so—so very serious as it might have been."

"Thank heaven! How bad was it?"

"He can't do any more fighting. He will be coming home. He's lost his right arm."

"Oh, isn't that hard! Poor Stuart!" Mrs.



The fellow that he had been pursuing had got safe across the fence

Drawings by
EMLEN MCCONNELL

Illinson, watching Ralph's face, feared that she should not have told him; but she need have had no fear. "I guess," Ralph said after

a moment, "Stuart will have to be my brains, and I'll try to be his right arm."

TO BE CONCLUDED.



BITTER

By Marianne Gauss

AT four o'clock the sun came out on a white world of hollows and ridges, like a tumbled bed. A bitter wind was whipping the snow in a fine mist from the roof of the only dark-colored object on the prairie—a homestead shack of black tarred paper studded with brass nails. Michaela looked from the window across deep drifts that obscured the trail. Tate was not in sight.

"He won't bring any mail when he comes," gloomily observed Michaela's sister Mona.

"There's only a chance: that the mailman reached the end of his route yesterday morning before the storm," Michaela admitted. Her heart had quickened its beat, and there was an expectant flush in her cheeks.

"If Tate does have a letter," continued Mona, "it'll be bad news. I don't see why you wanted him to go two miles in these drifts just to find out that the school board had turned you down."

The pink darkened in Michaela's cheeks. After a moment she demanded: "Mona, why will you grudge people their faith and hope?"

"I'm not grudging anybody their faith; I just want to spare you a disappointment, you're so foolish."

"You can save yourself the trouble!" Michaela replied sharply. She was thinking of Mona's husband; he had been a high-spirited boy at the time they were married, yet he had died in disheartenment and debt.

"What show do you have without any pull?" Mona asked triumphantly. "Why, you're a perfect stranger in this country! And think of the girls who want schools while they're homesteading."

Fiercely Michaela stirred the pot of corn boiling for the chickens. Her arms were bare; her strong little figure was in summer clothing, for the money in the state bank was alarmingly low. Yet she did not feel very cold. She looked at Mona, shawled and shivering, spreading her hands over the stove. Already there was gray in Mona's hair; her face had down-turning wrinkles, and her eyelids were pink as if from much weeping. "You're not well, Mona, and it makes you blue."

"I'm not blue; I just know how things'll be—like they always are. We'll either go on the county or starve! I don't know which."

Michaela flung back her head. "Nonsense! If the Red Creek school won't have me, I'll get a better place."

"You can't; there's nothing open this time of year—only the High Prairie, and that pays so big and has a teacherage and all; they won't look at anything but a man teacher."

Michaela flinched; she had applied to the High Prairie directors, and the decision, which had been unfavorable, was more disheartening than if they had insisted on a man. Mr. Wheeler, the sheep king, had remarked that he "wasn't struck by her" and had added that, if she were given the hard High Prairie school, she would in all probability lose heart in a month.

"I'd hope," continued Mona, "you wouldn't

make yourself look silly by going over there and asking for such a place."

Fortunately at that moment Caspar called from outside: "O mom and Mickey! Tate's coming from the mail box."

The girl looked and saw her older nephew toiling home through the drifts. Her heart began to pound. "If I get it," she thought,

"I knew you wouldn't get it!" said Mona. Michaela turned upon her with lips parted to speak; then, wheeling, she put on her sweater, wound an old fascinator round her head and opened the door to carry hot boiled corn and bran to the chickens. "You tend to the horse, Casp," she said.

She had returned to the shack when the boy came running after her. "Pompey's down; I think he's sick."

"There, now!" lamented Mona. "We're going to lose that horse as we did the cow. I always knew we'd not succeed with a homestead."

"Boys!" Michaela was already buttoning her sweater again. "One of you stir up the fire and get a boiler of hot water ready for old Pompey. He's probably sick from that alfalfa your mother fed him at noon."

"Well, with no cow to eat it," Mona objected, "it seems like, poor as we are, we

to death in an hour here. Tate, can you make the four miles to the J. G. Smith ranch?"

As Tate shook his head the girl thought of the letter. Could it be that only a few hours had passed since this J. G. Smith, of the Red Creek school board, had dealt her such a bitter blow? It seemed years!

"Well, then," she resumed, "if we couldn't get her through the drifts, let's push for the railroad. What's west of us? We haven't yet explored that way."

Tate was always optimistic. He knew of a station called Wheeler, named for the sheep king. He felt confident there was a large sheep camp at the place; it could be no more than a mile up the line. Moreover, he was sure that a snowplow had cleared the tracks.

They helped Mona across the mile of snowy prairie between the homestead and the railway. Then as they turned their faces toward Wheeler the wind cut right against them, and Michaela felt dizzy and faint. Mona was sick and leaned against her boys; then after a moment she let them pull her forward.

"Just one mile," Tate said encouragingly. "It's a great big camp, I know. The sheep king,—that's Red Dave Wheeler,—well, he was in the store at High Prairie last week, and he had a lot of stuff sent out to his camp at Wheeler—wooden boxes of codfish and an oil stove and a three-gallon can of syrup and I don't know what all."

"We'll make them give us some of the codfish," said Michaela.

"I'm freezing to death!" groaned Caspar.

"Shucks!" replied Tate. "I hope you don't call this cold! Why, kid, I was just wishin' all the streams weren't frozen, so I could take a swim and cool off. Brrr!" He blew on his aching hands.

"Ever try a bath in liquid air, Cas?" asked Michaela, laughing though her lips were stiff. "They say it's great sport. It feels as if we'd get some free of charge soon."

"Chim-i-nee!" Tate held a quilt about his mother. "Where does that air come from?"

"Cape Nome, Alaska." Michaela stepped from the tracks. "We've surely come a mile. Tate, what does that sign say?"

There was a clear white moon, sharp as if frozen in the sky. Michaela lifted her face to look. The large, black letters spelled plainly: WHEELER. Overhead the long arm of an automatic signal rattled like a skeleton in the wind. At one side of the tracks, waiting for a wagon to convey it some unknown distance across the prairie, stood the large order of the sheep king: fifty wooden boxes of cod lashed together with rope and covered with tarpaulin, a kerosene stove and a three-gallon syrup pail.

"Probably the sheep camp is about five miles from here," said Caspar.

Mona could hardly speak. "I knew when you started up the railroad—" she began and then lapsed into semiconsciousness.

Michaela stamped her benumbed feet. "Boys! We'll build a camp. These wooden boxes will be our walls. We'll do it as Arctic explorers do. There's a piece of an old wagon; it'll be our roof. Now get busy with the boxes of cod."

They made camp where an overhanging hill would protect them against the wind; they inclosed a space six feet by three and spread tarpaulin on the outside. Michaela's head swam before the work was completed; she was exhausted, and the exertion had not warmed her.

It was past midnight when the four of them crept into shelter with stiffened hands to light the kerosene stove. "We'll have hot codfish—" Her voice broke huskily. The wick caught from her match but went out smoking, like a foolish hope. The bitter night seemed to shut down on her and take her senses. "I c-can't understand this stove," she began. Then she looked dully about her. "Boys, we forgot; there isn't any oil!"

They could hear dead weeds outside snap and shiver. A bag of potatoes had been included in the sheep king's order; one rolled out and struck a rock, hard as a marble.

At last the girl rallied. "We'll chew the codfish, and maybe if we lie close together under these quilts—" She laid her head an instant against the bedquilt that covered Mona.

Suddenly she announced in a reviving voice: "Boys, I've got another idea."



They had hot water and softened codfish

"I'll buy some butter"—they had had none for two months—"and order two tons of coal put off at Red Creek station and buy a blue serge dress and shoes for the boys and—"

Tate had reached the dooryard and was waving a red-and-black advertisement of somebody's premier coffee.

"Is that all?" asked Mona, sniffing. "I knew he wouldn't get any mail."

Tate plunged into the house. He was a blue-eyed boy, gay as his father had been in youth and rather careless. "There's a letter for Mickey," he said, removing his cap and searching the lining. "Chim-i-nee, what did I do with that letter? Hope I didn't lose it. It was from J. G. Smith, secretary Red Creek school. No, of course I didn't stop to read it!"

"I told you when you sent him, Mickey, you'd wish you hadn't," Mona reminded her sister. Then Michaela pounced upon a scrap of paper sticking from under Tate's collar in the back. "Here's my letter!"

She wished they would look the other way while she read it. Dusk was falling in the room; the spot of sunlight was dying off the wall. The girl's hands trembled as she unfolded an ill-spelled note in lead pencil. Then it was as if a great weight fell upon her. She looked out to where the sun on the snow was now cherry red, and she felt, as people often feel in the bitterness of disappointment, that never again would the world go well with her.

shouldn't waste any of the good alfalfa that we'd paid out so much for."

Michaela and Tate were already at the barn. It was past eight o'clock when they toiled back to the house. The horse was lying down, weak but no longer suffering; he would live.

Michaela was tired and hungry. "We'll all feel better," she said, "when we get something inside of us. You need your cup of tea, Mona; you look like a ghost."

Tate crammed the monkey stove with dead prairie weeds, and Caspar went to the shed for more coal. Michaela filled the teakettle. None of them saw that the wind outside the house had blown a segment of tarred paper against the red-hot stovepipe, which was the only chimney of the shack.

A scream from Mona caused her sister to drop her kettle lid. Then Michaela dashed the contents of the kettle against a smoking part of the wall.

"The roof's afire!" cried Caspar, rushing in from the coal shed.

Smoke filled the place. The roof, from which the wind had cut all the snow, was blazing three feet into the air, and burning scraps of paper were flying toward the barn and the chicken shed.

"Get out the furniture, the bedding!" shouted Michaela.

Precious quilts were dragged from the two beds; Michaela saved her Ohio normal-school certificate; Tate saved his skates. Then the four of them stood roofless and helpless, watching the blazing ruin that had been their home.

A brand had caught the roof of Pompey's shed, and its straw was ablaze. Michaela and the boys dragged the horse to safety and shelter in the tiny chicken pen, which alone escaped destruction. At ten o'clock the blackening embers in the snow were all that remained of the house and barn.

Michaela laid her hand on Mona, who sat huddled in bedquilts on a chair. "Boys," she whispered, "your mother would freeze

A brand had caught the roof of Pompey's shed



DRAWINGS BY LEO O'DONNELL

"Mickey," groaned Caspar with a sidelong glance at her, "you quit on ideas."

"We could try that can of syrup; it's cold, but if we could swallow some and keep it down it might warm us."

She went out into the bitter night, black overhead with a white moon and white stars like pin pricks. When she laid her hand on the syrup can the metal skinned her finger.

At the Red Creek store they were in the habit of using old syrup cans to hold other stuff. A careless clerk, putting up the sheep king's order, had not bothered to print a label. In her exhaustion Michaela did not notice an unpleasant smell; she turned some of the contents into a tin cup and tasted.

Then her cry brought Tate out of the camp. "Boys, this isn't syrup; it's kerosene. It's oil!"

Tate whooped. "Coming! Say, Casp, we're saved. Give me the oil stove." And he and Michaela filled it.

The first thing Mona said as the life-giving heat crept through her body and the codfish began to steam was: "Mickey, if you set fire to this camp, don't let me hear you say I didn't tell you just what would happen."

They had hot water and softened codfish. Then, packed together like the dried fish in the boxes, they slept under their quilts. It was a dead, exhausted sleep such as Michaela had never had before; and it did not break

till some time after the sun was up on a blue-and-white morning.

Wheels came with the loud noise they make in bitter weather. Then the voice of Red Dave Wheeler shouted: "Hey, what's this? Hobos?"

Michaela and Tate crept out of the camp. "I know you're glad your wooden boxes saved four people last night—" she began. Then she told her story.

The sheep king made only one comment, and he addressed it to her nephews: "Plucky girl, ain't she, kids?" Then he piled the family into his wagon, sent a herder to look after Pompey and the chickens and conveyed the refugees to the sheep camp.

The rest of the story happened the next

day when the sheep king called Michaela into the little room labeled "Office." "Say, I've phoned round to the other directors of our school. If you want the place, you can go to work Monday morning. What say I drive you folks right over to the teacherage?"

He seemed to feel that some explanation was necessary. "You kind of look to me as if you wouldn't give up very easy. I wouldn't wonder you'd make us a good teacher." (And in that opinion the High Prairie district is now agreed. Mr. Wheeler, of Wheeler, was correct.)

Observing the weather outside, the sheep king smiled and added: "Tain't quite so bitter as it was yesterday."

THE "MAJOR SPORTS" V. FOOTBALL

By Donald Grant Herring



Back in the seventies when football players wore burnsidies and very little other padding

I WONDER how many of the candidates for college elevens, each of whom took a football home with him last June, and each of whom received orders from his head coach to "report for practice" a few weeks before college opens this fall, remember the days when for them football was still pure recreation, unadulterated sport; when eleven or fifteen or any number of little boys, some with head guards three sizes too large, some with white padded "pants" or (how glorious is plutocracy!) "real moleskins," and half the number at least with gigantic nose guards, got together on a back lot and ran through signals and then played a game that lasted till dark. In the plenitude of fumbles those games used to resemble the baseball games of the same players! I believe, however, that I am wrong in ascribing to the generation that is now in college white "pants" and moleskins and nose guards. Those things more properly belonged to a less sophisticated age, to the golden nineties, to the period when football as an art or perhaps as a science was almost confined to the "Big Four" among the colleges and was just beginning to reach out to boys in every corner of the country.

At least one youngster who began in that remote time to play the game, but who did not begin to study it until years later, can remember perfectly the happy day when his father brought home an "intercollegiate" football. It came in a pasteboard box with a rawhide lace and a shiny brass pump, and the rubber bladder was all done up in tissue paper. Until that moment the boy—he was only seven years old—had not known that an air-tight bladder was part of a football. The boy's father was of a generation when football was not played at the small college that he had attended. But he got the ball inflated and turned it over to his son. I am simply recording a fact when I say that the ball was never wholly deflated for six successive seasons; and until the boy entered high school his ownership of that "intercollegiate" football guaranteed his annual election to the captaincy of his team. I use the word "election," but I am sure there was never anything so formal. There was, however, a tacit acceptance of the fact that the owner of the football with which the "Normal Hill crowd" played was to be full back and captain.

I think I ought to add that in the first year of the team at least it had three plays. They were: full back through centre, right half back round right end, and left half back round left end. Kicking of any sort was not counted as a play and was used only as a last desperate resort. In that respect at least some college coaches of today seem to have progressed no farther. I remember too

that the use and purpose of interference dawned on the captain only when after many arguments the left half back finally convinced his superior that he could gain more ground if he took the ball round right end. About the same time the captain heard of the drop-kicking of the great Hudson of the Carlisle Indian School. Hudson was a small man and played quarter back. Hence the quarter back of the Normal Hill eleven, who had been chosen for the job because he was the smallest boy, became the drop-kicker of the team—I mean of course the boy who tried to make drop kicks. As I remember he almost invariably failed. One of the ends afterwards became an expert drop-kicker, but to have used an end for that purpose when Hudson was a quarter back would have run contrary to the principles, almost to the ethics, of the game. In the estimation of the captain that would have been nearly as bad as playing without the shock of exceedingly long hair that was deemed essential to protection in so dangerous a game!

THE FUN OF THE GAME

Need I testify further for the enlightenment of the sophisticated youth of today to the naïveté of their fathers and uncles twenty-five years ago? I think perhaps that I might make one more admission. The captain, he who owned the "intercollegiate" football, was the writer.

Though there is a great difference between

the football of the nineties and the football of today, there is also a great similarity. You boys who are beginning the game today, and you who have already acquired some knowledge of football technique through coaching at school, must not fall into error. If you assume, correctly enough, that you know more now than we knew of the tactics and strategy of the game, of individual and team play, you must not assume therefore that you get more fun out of it than we got then, scarcely more than we get now. The great fact to remember about football is the fun of the game for boys of all ages. It should be begun at six and left off at—on second thought I know that it should not be left off at all. If a boy of sixty-five cannot still enjoy the game through his grandsons, then he is no true boy and should never have started to play the game. The essential points of resemblance between the football of 1923 and the game of a prior—I will not say a past-generation lie, not in the rules or in the strategy or in the tactics or in the technique, but in the sheer fun of the game for the boys who play it, for the boys who have played it.

I can point out too, preacher fashion, other points of resemblance, things innate in the game, immune to change: the physical growth, development and hardening that football produces and promotes; the quickening of mental reactions to physical stimuli; the learning the true meaning of fair play; the great lesson that begins to dawn on the boy when he is first thoroughly beaten, humbled, crushed by an individual opponent immeasurably his superior in strength, speed and agility; the greater lesson, and correspondingly harder to learn, that the individual is merely a part of his team, weak perhaps and relatively unimportant in himself, but destined to play the game for all he is worth for the sake of his side.

The fun in football is greatest of course when we are young. Here in America we miss a little of it because of the excessive organization of the game as we play it at college; and we do not continue playing football after leaving the university as they do in England. But age has its own

Football of the present day. An immense concourse of people in the Yale bowl with bands and cheer leaders during the intermission between the halves



MR. HERRING
is a former Princeton football tackle who has studied both the game and its players for many years

compensations for us who have played the game if we stop, as we pass a vacant lot, to watch a "kids" game. Can anything possibly be better than the abandon of that tow-headed half back of eight or the determination of that burly little tackle who has just thrown the runner for a loss? Doesn't it bring back, as nothing else can bring back, the days of twenty-five or thirty-five years ago? Only are you quite sure that you played the game as well when you were eight? You notice that there are no officials, no lines and no flags, and that there seems to be a bit of an argument where the first down started. You are restrained from offering your advice and services only by that strange timidity of "grown-ups" with children that is so much worse than the shyness of children with their elders. But you are lucky this day. "Mister, didn't we have first down now right there by that piece of paper, and ain't that ten yards?"

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

It is a momentous decision for the boys, but—to your selfish shame be it said—for you it is a heaven-sent opportunity to get into the game. You hand down your decision according to your lights and step forth on the field. You halt the game for a few moments and align the players to suit your ideas; then you deliver a little lecture on as many of the thousand details of football as you can think of in thirty seconds. You coach both attack and defense simultaneously, finding time also to be referee and umpire and field judge and linesman and timekeeper—the last job is highly unimportant. The boys "eat it up"—your coaching, I mean. And when at the end of two hours you are somewhat blown, perhaps even a trifle dirty from being run into and knocked down, and have missed two appointments of more or less importance you feel flattered beyond belief as the captain mutters shyly, "Say, come back again tomorrow and show us some new plays, 'cause we're going to play the Juniors Saturday."

You go home to your wife and mention that you just stopped to watch some "kids" play football. Guiltily you fail to tell the whole truth because, understanding though she is of most things, this thing she could not hope to understand, because she never had the inestimable privilege of being born a boy. That evening you dig out of the recesses of memory some half-remembered plays and make up some signals. You cancel an appointment to play golf because you persuade yourself that you have made a promise to a boy; deep down in your heart you know that you intended to go because you simply can't stay away.

Though any boy of any age can get his full meed of fun out of football, though most of the moral lessons of the game may be learned in varying degree at any age, the full benefits of football as an aid in physical and mental development will always show themselves at the age when the boy is himself growing fastest in body and in mind. That is only another way of saying that we must work with nature. Football is a good game for small boys and also for young men. It keeps little boys out of doors and out of mischief. That is also perhaps as good a reason as any why college men should play the game. The moral benefits to each of these classes are slightly different but equally great. Football teaches little boys not to

cry when hurt, and it teaches college men the utter futility of blind rage. Little boys learn not to twist an occasional ankle that is sticking out of the pack, and college men learn to respect opponents. But as an aid in physical development football is worth less to the ordinary young boy and the ordinary college man than to the boy of from twelve to sixteen years old. That is usually the time when the boy's body is growing fastest, the time when the game can best assist nature. Moreover, I think it follows that the best game for the youth who seems to be all hands and feet is the game that teaches and demands the proper and coordinated use of hands and feet. Football does those things at least as well as any other game or any other sport. A few sports—boxing, wrestling, fencing, swimming—may also train the muscles to obey the mind. From certain special exercises even better coordinated muscular control may result than that which results from football or from any other game. Gymnastics and military drill are examples, though usually the training is special and intensive. But we Anglo-Saxons at least will usually prefer games to mere exercises or even to sports.

THE GOLDEN PERIOD

Football will do no harm to any boy organically sound. It will positively benefit any boy of any age, mentally and morally. But, to repeat, it will do most physical good to the youth of from twelve to sixteen years old. The teams of the upper grammar grades and the lower forms of boarding schools will bear close watching alike by the truly scientific student of the boy's physical development and by the almost equally scientific observer of football aptitude and ability on the lookout for future "varsity material." Each can see differences among boys of that age that simply did not exist among the same boys four or even two years earlier, differences that will sharpen radically in three or four more years. The football scout knows too that there will be a subtle difference between the boy who has had good coaching at school and the boy of the same age who has not played football until he was persuaded to go out for his college team. Other things being approximately equal, the wise college coach will choose the player who has had good coaching for five years before he entered college in preference to the man who has not had it. In a game when exhaustion has begun to take its toll from the body and mind of those two the boy who learned coordination at the age when it was most difficult is bound to be the more dependable.

Football for boys of from twelve to sixteen years old is hardly less valuable in quickening mental reaction to physical stimuli than it is in developing and toughening the body. The sophomore or junior at college will react more quickly than the third-former or the boy in his first year in high school. But relatively the value of football as an aid in developing quick reaction is far greater in the instance of the schoolboy than in that of the college man. Indeed the golden period of a boy's life, so far as football is concerned, is the years from twelve to sixteen. I think that that is the time when the boy gets more real fun out of the game than he gets at any other. He is at an age to take the game a little more seriously than his younger brother and not so dead seriously as his hero brother who plays on his college varsity. It is the age when normally the boy first begins to receive good coaching. The budding half back tries his best to "take his man" as he has been told to take him, but he simply can't get the hang of the thing exactly. If the coach is wise, he will know that his instructions are likely to bear fruit a year later when he sees a bigger, stronger, better-knit boy going out for the school first team and blocking, tackling and straight-arming a little more "instinctively."

The boy of from twelve to sixteen years old is peculiar in one respect. He is likely to think that in his team and his coach and, rarely, in himself is concentrated the sum total of football knowledge. If he is fortunate, about that time he will receive one of the most important lessons of his life, the lesson that comes with the first great beating. I do not mean defeat for his side; he can hardly have avoided that. I mean a thorough personal beating, the being crushed and overwhelmed by an individual opponent immeasurably his superior, that induces at first with soreness of body a great humility of spirit. If the boy is of the wrong kind, perhaps he would do better to give up the game. If he is of the right stuff, his spirit

won't remain humble for long. For inside him is growing something that can be found in the unabridged dictionary and in the language of the A. E. F. and of football players, but seldom in the language of polite society. It is rather a pity, because "guts" is a good Saxon word that best expresses one of the most desirable qualities a boy or a man can have. For a whole season perhaps the boy may be forced to take his medicine daily, a bitter dose of it. I sometimes think that the youth who from the very beginning of his football career has possessed the physical attributes to make him a star player has missed one of the finest things in the game. It is good for boys and men as individuals to take punishment once in a while; and it is good as well for collections of men, teams or nations.

There is no team play quite so good as that of the team that has been through the fire of temporary disorganization and occasional defeat. Those things give a temper to the organization as the oil gives it to the steel. Each player forgets himself, sinks his personality completely in the desire and the determination to play for his side. However much the newspapers may rant of the power, precision and glory of the eleven that goes through the season undefeated, I say to you who play the game that the greatest measure of satisfaction goes to the men and the team that can "come back" after defeat.

But of all the lessons the game teaches the greatest is fair play. I do not know that all young boys are by nature inclined to fairness, but I do know from personal experience that the football field with its democracy is an ideal place to create a spirit of fair play among boys of all classes. And I can go so far as to say that the nations that habitually play the personal-contact games and love them understand better what fair play means than the other nations do.

I am glad to say that all over America boys from their very early years are accustomed to play football without officials of any kind. Later, arrived at the age when officials, like complete uniforms, are considered as desirable adjuncts of the game, boys of fourteen still play the game with no desire to beat the rules. I regret to say that a desire to beat the rules sometimes happens in college games. Among college teams of a certain type "muckerish" play is almost the rule, and it crops out sporadically in the best-regulated college elevens. I blame it on the overemphasis placed on sport, especially perhaps on football, by the newspapers and by the collegiate world generally.

In that respect they are more fortunate in England than we are in the United States. Perhaps it is because their problem is so much simpler. The two leading English universities have no counterparts in America. They stand out above the rest without competition, with their prestige unassailable, serene in the consciousness of a tradition of more than seven centuries. Perhaps therefore it is easier for their undergraduates to continue to play in the spirit of fun the game they learned at school. Rugby football, the father and mother of our own intercollegiate game, is much simpler and less highly organized than its offspring. Young boys in England and in the United States play their respective kinds of football all in the same spirit. The differentiation between Rugby and intercollegiate football comes in the university and afterwards. I believe that the two main reasons why Rugby is played in so different a spirit from our game are the absence of fierce competition among colleges and the nonexistence of a well-organized professional coaching system.

THE MOTHERS

In concluding may I say a word to the mothers of boys who play football? I admit a genuine fear that I shall be misunderstood. May I say then that I have a son who I hope will play the game when he reaches the age for it? Football—the carrying game, that is—was invented at that most masculine of all male institutions, an English public school, Rugby. For that reason football has never been understood by women and can never be understood by women. In general women conceive of football as a fight. They comprehend only one reason why men should want to fight one another, and that reason has nothing to do with a game. Furthermore, women do not comprehend team play, at least not so well as men comprehend it. Under stress of great emotion or dire necessity women may temporarily submerge their individualities in a general expression of team play for the salvation of a nation or for the defense of a great ideal, but not for long and

by no means for something women regard as so unimportant as a game. The fact is patent to anyone with the critical instinct and the knowledge to back it up who will watch a girls' basket-ball or hockey match. There is a subtle difference between the way the girls play the game and the way their own brothers, for example, play it. That is one reason, in addition to the physical limitations of their sex, why girls will always do better relatively at sports like swimming and at individual games like tennis or golf than at team-play games such as basket ball or hockey.

Because then women are unfitted by physical build and because they are debarred by nature from a sympathetic comprehension of the game—those are excellent reasons, as I think any fair-minded mother will admit, why her daughters should not attempt to play football. But can I not get her to admit that they fall into flimsy tatters as reasons for trying to prevent her sons from playing the game? Won't she admit that the best game for her boy to play is the game that demands courage, breeds self-reliance and awakens the sense of fair play? I leave it to the mothers.

PRECIOUS PLATINUM

By C. A. Stephens



DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER

In that fashion the fugitives reached the landing

Chapter Two. Disguised as peasants

WHAT the Mississippi River with its many long tributaries is to the United States the Volga is to Russia. Down it the two young men decided to go to the old city of Astrakhan on the Caspian Sea. But first they must reach the great river. Perhaps eight miles from the mine flowed the Chusovaya, a tributary of the Kama, which is to the Volga what the Ohio River is to the Mississippi. The route that the two Americans had to follow if they were to escape from Russia was much like that which two voyagers starting from some little place on the Allegheny River would have to follow in order to reach New Orleans. More than a thousand miles, and they had to make the trip by night in a small boat!

And there was an additional danger. The two Americans planned to carry with them their share of the platinum—about thirty-six pounds. There was considerable gold too, forty or fifty pounds of it, but it was too bulky for them to carry; they had to be content with secreting a few of the larger nuggets inside their clothes and hiding the rest. The platinum was worth probably fifty thousand dollars; to take it along might cost them their lives, yet they would not leave it.

Then there was another consideration. Both felt sorry for the crippled Englishman and his two children. The man was kindly and honest, and during the months they had been at the mine Craig and Wallace had grown fond of him and of his two motherless children. The idea of leaving them behind was distressing; yet what else could they do?

"To take them with us," said Craig, "will make our getting away almost impossible."

"We should be crazy to try it," said Wallace. Yet when the time came the young men could not bring themselves to leave them.

Farrar was astonished when they bade him make ready to start with them. "If it was for myself alone, I would no' let ye trouble for me," he said in his homely Yorkshire speech. "But I would like to get the two wee chicks o' mine 'ome to auld England afore I die."

Craig and Wallace had arranged matters carefully. They disguised themselves as best they could in coarse clothes and sheepskin caps that they got from the laborers at the mine. If they met any officials, they hoped to pass for peasants. They had two old traveling bags that they had brought all the way from America; one was of alligator skin, and the other was of ordinary leather, and each had a thin leather lining. They stowed ten pounds of the platinum inside the lining in each bag and then carefully sewed up the rips. To avert suspicion they packed the bags with rusty tools, a quantity of small turnips and a box of salt.

Four pounds of the platinum they adroitly concealed in the hollow part of Farrar's artificial leg. In the left barrel of a shotgun they secreted three pounds and then knocked the hammer off on that side. What was left of the precious stuff they hid in little packages sewed inside their clothes. Of course they didn't tell the children what they had done.

When the adventurers had procured fishing tackle they were ready; all Russian rivers abound in fish, from the huge sturgeon down to smelts, and they hoped to catch a large share of their food. From the *zavod* where they had worked a road led down the mountain to a landing place on the Chusovaya River. There large barks of a hundred tons burden or more had formerly loaded with sheet iron and bar iron from a number of foundries belonging to the Demidov estate, but since the revolution shipments had ceased. The road was now little used, and the ferryman had gone his way; but his boat, a small craft capable of carrying ten or twelve persons, was still tied at the dock. The Americans determined to seize it. Craig thought that they might install the kerosene engine from the oscillator in the boat, but there was no propeller, and they spent an entire day contriving a paddle wheel together with a shaft from iron that they found at a forge near by.

As the road to the river was downhill, they succeeded during the early part of the following night in transporting the engine on

a cart guided by four of the native laborers. The two children sat in the cart, wrapped up for protection against the mist, and Farrar came on behind.

In that fashion the fugitives reached the landing, though not until three o'clock in the morning. Day would break within two hours, for it was in September. Should they stop and install the engine? It would take considerable time. Four days had passed since they had last shipped treasure from the *zavod* down to Tagilsk, and they were apprehensive lest the Red commandant there should send up for them. On the whole it seemed best not to bother with the engine at that time but to load it on the boat with a barrel of oil and other belongings and go down the Chusovaya during the rest of the night. So after things were ready and they had bidden the friendly laborers good-by they pushed out into mid-stream and allowed the boat to float down with the current.

In that vicinity the Chusovaya is wide and rapid and flows down a valley in a north-westerly course for sixty or seventy miles; then it turns south and joins the Kama near the city of Perm. They went on till past sunrise, most of the time through forests of Siberian cedar and birch, where abrupt hills and high cliffs towered above the wooded bottom lands. At last, hearing shouts at a distance down the river, they put in at the mouth of a narrow creek and, gaining a covert where the woods concealed the boat, refreshed themselves with such food as they had taken and then set to work to install the engine. The task was difficult and could not be done without considerable noise. Good mechanics though both Americans were, they worked hard till near sunset and still lacked much of having the engine properly connected with the new propeller.

The children meanwhile were running round in the woods near by, and presently little Mollie came hurrying back. "Great big man coming!" she cried. "Great black head! Black hair! Not red," she added, for the child had learned that red was a sinister color.

Craig went hastily to reconnoitre. A large bareheaded man was watching them from the cover of the trees. His head was indeed remarkable; the shock of outstanding black hair made it look much larger than a head should look. Craig called out "Dah!"—one of the few Russian words that he had learned.

The fellow turned suddenly and walked away. Wishing to learn more about him, Craig followed cautiously through the woods to the foot of a lofty crag, where he saw a dark hole that appeared to be the mouth of a cave. In front of it were three or four low log hovels. Near by a huge kettle hung over a smouldering fire. Immediately he heard a confused medley of voices; the shock-headed fellow had given an alarm. Other shock-heads emerged from the hovels—men, women and children who cried out and ran to the mouth of the cave. Two of the men began hurriedly to load guns of great length. Craig turned and ran back to the boat. He guessed that they were a gang of Bashkirs, a semi-civilized people of the Ural region of whom he had several times heard accounts.

"I'm afraid I have some bad neighbors," he said to Hughes and Farrar. "We had better get away from here, I think."

Dusk was falling. They picked up their tools, put their stuff aboard and pushed out on the river. They had not yet fastened the engine; it was too far forward, and so was the oil barrel—a circumstance that spoiled the trim of the boat; they had trouble in keeping control of it in the swift current.

The party went on by starlight for three or four hours and at last put in at a bend in the stream. Kindling a fire, they made tea and prepared food of a sort; the children were very hungry. After a few minutes they continued their journey. There was mist on the river now, but they kept as near mid-channel as they could. Suddenly the boat struck something. The engine and the barrel of oil slid forward; the bow dipped, and the water rushed over them.

Wallace, standing up to his waist in water, discerned what looked like a platform ahead. He passed the children to it, then climbed upon it himself. Craig, who had made a grab for their precious bags, threw them on the platform and scrambled up after them. Then they helped Farrar out. Fortunately, the water was no more than four or five feet deep, and the stern of the boat remained partly afloat.

They now discovered that the planks on which they were standing were the deck of a sunken bark; afterwards they learned that it was one of three loaded with iron from the Demidov estate, and that the Reds had sunk them because they belonged to the hated *bourgeoisie*.

There on the old bark they passed two or three hours in great discomfort. They were glad when day dawned and they could look about them. The engine was on the bottom; the oil barrel had floated away.

By searching the bottom Craig was able to recover the double-barreled gun, a carbine that they had brought from the *zavod* and also a few other things, including some canned meat. Luckily they had taken the precaution of putting their cartridges and matches into a can with a water-tight cover. Craig was depressed; his project of moving speedily down the river had come to an end.

What now concerned them most, however, was how to get ashore. Fifty yards of rapid river lay between them and the bank on either hand. While they were looking round them in the thinning mist they discovered the two other partly sunken barks a little farther down the river; the decks of both, like the deck they were on, were just awash. Then they spied a small boat half full of water lying at the stern of the farther vessel, to which it was attached by a line. Craig, who was above middle height, let himself into the water and tried to wade to the little boat, but he was soon obliged to swim. He reached it in a few minutes and, after throwing out most of the water with the aid of an iron-shod paddle that lay in the bottom, brought the craft back with him to where his shivering companions stood anxiously watching. It was merely a skiff and was barely large enough to carry all of them with their belongings, but they made for shore in it and landed on the left bank in a bushy, half-open country.

In the Urals there are great quantities of wild berries—strawberries in their season and later wild currants, gooseberries, raspberries and berries of several other kinds. The fugitives happened to land where there were large and luscious gooseberries and also a variety of huckleberry.

While roving among the berry bushes Craig learned the difference in disposition between the bears of Pennsylvania and those of Russia. He came upon one eating berries and, thinking that it would run away, shouted at it. Instead of running away the animal rushed directly toward him. He was obliged to hurry back to the boat, for, not expecting to meet dangerous animals, he had not taken the carbine with him. Indeed he was forced to push the boat hastily out on the river before he loaded the piece. The bear even seemed inclined to enter the water in pursuit of him. Then he fired twice at close range and killed it. Later in the forenoon he shot a small gray deer of a species he had never seen at home; they found the flesh palatable.

Going on in the little boat, they passed another place the next day where berries abounded. That night they began to see lights along the shores of the Chusovaya, and about dawn they came to the confluence of the Chusovaya with the Kama. Taking advantage of the forests along both shores, they lay up during the following day just inside the mouth of a small tributary that enters the main stream from the east.

There during the afternoon they heard a motor boat coming up the river, and soon a small launch went past in midstream. A red flag was flying from a staff at the stern, and the five men whom they saw aboard wore red caps. Evidently it was a patrol boat, and as long as it was in sight the fugitives kept as quiet as possible. They felt sure that the launch would soon return down the river, but they saw nothing more of it that day, and after dark they put forth again.

They were approaching a considerable town, which they supposed was Perm. Moored or grounded along the right bank and apparently deserted, loomed the dark hulks of large barks. No lights glimmered aboard; no talk or laughter floated across the water. While the fugitives were passing they heard a motor boat again; this time the boat was coming down the river.

In order to be out of sight when it passed they paddled behind one of the barks. And there a curious adventure befell them, in which they ran their first real risk of capture.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Teeth That Glisten

Every boy should have them

In the old days, teeth were more dingy than now. Millions of people have now found the way to whiter, cleaner teeth. You see them everywhere.

Boys who wish to look their best should try this new-day method. Also boys who wish to better ward off troubles with their teeth.

Film—your enemy

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. That is why so many teeth are clouded.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That is why so few boys escape tooth decay.

Germes breed by millions in film. And they cause many troubles.

So that film on teeth may do endless damage and it causes most tooth troubles.

New methods now

Dental science has found two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film. One removes it without any harmful scouring.

These discoveries have brought a new era in teeth cleaning. A new-type tooth

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists
the world over



paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists the world over now urge all folks to adopt it. And millions of people in some 50 nations enjoy its benefits today.

Pepsodent also protects the teeth in two other important ways. Modern research proves those things essential.

Watch the results

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of that viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

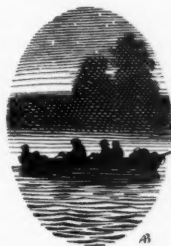
Look at your teeth in ten days. Compare this method with the old. Then decide what you think best for your teeth, now and in the future.

Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 391, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



After
Every
Meal

A universal custom
that benefits every-
body.

Aids digestion,
cleanses the teeth,
soothes the throat.

WRIGLEY'S

a good thing
to remember

Sealed in
its Purity
Package



THE
FLAVOR LASTS

ASTHMA If you want help and
a cure to stay cured

send a postal with name and
address for Free Examination
Blanks. Ask for Bulletin Y-232.

USE PAINADINE for Neuralgia, Toothache and Rheu-
matic Pains. "Brush On Pain Gone."
At druggist's or by mail 25c. THE CLARK CO., Athol, Mass.

3 Months' Free Trial

Our plan makes it possible for you to test the
HIGH GRADE, FIRST QUALITY

New Companion Sewing Machine

IN YOUR HOME for three months before deciding. If
unsatisfactory we return your money and take back
machine at our expense. We offer choice of seven
styles (foot treadle and electric), guarantee for 25
years, pay the freight, and sell at a very low price.

A postal request brings descriptive booklet and
attractive terms of purchase by return mail.
PERRY MASON COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

Delivered to you Free

for 30 days trial on approval. Your
choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes of
the famous *Ranger* Bicycles. Express pre-
paid. Low Factory-to-Rider Prices.

12 Months to Pay if desired. Many boys
and girls easily meet
the small monthly payments.

Tires, wheels, lamps, and equipment at
half retail prices. Write for remark-
able factory prices and marvelous offers.

Mead Cycle Company Write us
Dept. T-50 Chicago today for
free catalog



**Let Cuticura Be
Your Beauty Doctor**

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. For samples
address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

BOYS! GIRLS! EARN MONEY!

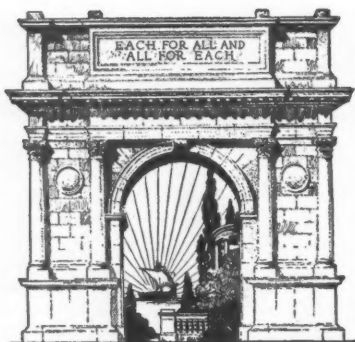
Turn your spare hours after school and Saturdays into
money. Easy, delightful and well-paying employment.
Write at once for particulars to

O. M. VETAL, CAMBRIDGE, NEW YORK

BOYS and GIRLS EARN XMAS MONEY

Write for 50 sets AMERICAN CHRISTMAS SEALS.
Sell for 10c a set. When sold, send us 25 and keep 25.
W. NEUBECKER, 961 E. 23rd Street, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Ask your
Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove
remedy.
Mfrs., Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.



FACT AND COMMENT

IN TALKING of obstacles to success many men magnify the external ones, in order to minimize the greater ones within.

The Skillful Bowman and the Man of Action Aim high, allowing for the Earth's Attraction.

IN THE MOTION PICTURES hereafter villains will be of native stock. Foreign villains do not sell well in their own countries. Mexicans, Germans and Orientals object to seeing themselves in the inferior rôles. Magazine editors long ago discovered that the American is the least sensitive of all the villains.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT invites people who are in search of a summer home to buy an island in Georgian Bay. There are some thirty thousand islands along the shores of that part of Lake Huron, and the islands vary in size from tiny eyots to islands many acres in extent. They are rocky and bear no great amount of vegetation, but many are ideal for summer camps. The price of an unoccupied island is twenty-five dollars plus ten dollars an acre.

A FEW MONTHS AGO when the Duke of York married Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon all the English writers spoke of the Scotch bride as Lady "Betty." Apparently that was the thing to do. But what the new Duchess of York calls herself is quite a different matter. The wedding present that she and her royal spouse recently sent to Lady Rachel Cavendish was marked simply, "From Albert and Lizzie." Lizzie! Girls who are just about to change their plain Alice to Alyce please notice.

A NEW MARKET NEWS SERVICE of the Department of Agriculture will bring producer and consumer into a relationship closer than has ever obtained before and big with promise of common benefits. The new service, which will cover the region from Kansas City to the Pacific Coast, will furnish daily news, by radio and leased wires, of food prices in the big cities and with a branch station at Atlanta and extensions already established or planned in other parts of the South and West will keep the greater part of the food-producing area of the country in daily communication with the great industrial centres.

THE CONFERRING of a war medal by the British government upon a homing pigeon not only is a pleasant bit of sentiment but calls new attention to the services that homing pigeons have rendered to mankind, in peace as well as in war. The incident recalls the interesting fact that homing pigeons were the foundation of two great fortunes. Before the days of the telegraph Baron Rothschild used great numbers of pigeons to bring the earliest information of the stock market and exchange in London to his Paris banking house; and Paul de Reuter, the founder of the great European news agency that corresponds to the Associated Press in America, used carrier pigeons as his first messengers.

TO GET SOMETHING DONE, even in the realm of literature and art, depends less on inspiration than on industry. In the Autobiography of Anthony Trollope, of which there is a recent reprint, appears an account of that prolific writer's method:

According to the circumstances of the time—whether my other business might be then heavy or light, or whether the book which I was writing was or was not wanted with speed—I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about forty. It has been placed as low as twenty and has risen to one hundred and twelve. And, as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain

two hundred and fifty words; and, as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went . . . There has ever been the record before me, and a week passed with an insufficient number of pages has been a blister to my eye, and a month so disgraced would have been a sorrow to my heart.

A NEW THREAT OF WAR

THE Italo-Greek imbroglio shows clearly how fragile are the supports on which peace among the European nations rests. The warlike passions that have torn the Continent for thirteen years have not yet burned themselves out. The Great War, contrary to our hopes, has not taught the nations of Europe the folly and criminality of war. It has exhausted them and made them less able to fight, but it has not set their relations on any new footing. They are still ready and eager to appeal to arms, whenever circumstances permit, and arms seem likely to be politically useful.

The trouble between Italy and Greece paralleled in a sinister way the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. Several Italian officials, engaged in the work of determining, with Greek representatives, the boundary between Greece and Albania, were murdered, presumably by Greek citizens. The Italian government at once made demands for apology and reparation that recalled painfully the demands Austria made to Serbia in July, 1914. The Greek government, like the Serbian, made a pacific reply, promising reparation but protesting against some of the harsh terms of the Italian note. The Italian government found the reply unsatisfactory and began military operations against Greece by shelling the island of Corfu.

The bad feeling between Italy and Greece is not of recent origin. It dates back ten years at least and is founded on the rival ambitions of the two nations in the eastern Mediterranean. Both hoped to get increase of territory and commercial influence through the downfall of the old Turkish Empire. Both have been much disappointed, but they have each brought from the struggle—hitherto diplomatic rather than warlike—a consuming jealousy and enmity toward the other. Mussolini now means to occupy the strategic points on both sides of the Adriatic and to assert the claim of Italy to dominance over that sea and the eastern Mediterranean. That threat he actually aims quite as much at Great Britain as at Greece.

It is to be hoped—and with good reason—that the quarrel will not burst forth into open war. The other European nations will exert all their influence to compel a peaceful settlement, for they fear the results of another brisk conflagration in the Near East. The League of Nations is also at work. Greece has appealed to it, and, though Mussolini declares that Italy will not submit its case to the League or brook its interference in the affair, he may in the end be brought to see the wisdom of accepting its counsel. The case is a critical one for the League. If Italy successfully defies it and goes on to make war against Greece, a blow will have been struck against the prestige of the League from which it will scarcely recover. If it is helpless in a case like this, it is, for the greater purposes for which it was formed, useless.

THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE

JAPAN is accustomed to earthquakes. The entire chain of islands is probably of volcanic or at least of seismic origin, and as far back as Japanese history goes there are records of frequent and often disastrous convulsions of the land.

But there have been few disasters even in Japan so terrible as that which destroyed the populous cities of Tokyo, Yokohama and Yokosuka and hundreds of small towns and villages on the first day of this month. To the terrors of earthquake were added the horrors of fire, which swept unresisted through the ruined streets of the cities, and the destruction that a tremendous tidal wave wrought among the villages along the coast. No one will ever know how many persons lost their lives; estimates vary from two hundred thousand to double that number. The rich and distinguished as well as the poor and obscure were destroyed. Among the dead are numbers of the Japanese nobility and at least two persons who are connected with the royal family.

The vastness of the disaster has shocked and moved the world. Not since the destruction of Messina in a similar catastrophe have

we been so brought face to face with the lethal power of nature. Our own country was the first to spring to the relief of the stricken people, and money, supplies and personal help are being generously offered. The opportunity that such disasters give to the display of the sympathy and helpfulness that are as much a part of true human nature as the jealousy and suspicion that have been so much in evidence among the nations in late years is the only circumstance that alleviates the gloom that they occasion.

Bad as the Japanese horror is, it is by no means the most severe affliction that the human race has suffered at the hands of nature even in comparatively recent times. It is far less serious, for example, than the great flood of the Hoangho in China in 1887. In the fall of that year the great yellow river burst its diked banks, overflowed a flat plain larger than the State of Massachusetts in a stream thirty miles wide and ten feet deep and drowned, according to the most moderate estimates, two million people.

THE RIGHT TO LIVE YOUR OWN LIFE

YOUTH is the time of adventure. The world beckons alluringly, and many a path to fame and wealth and power opens up just ahead. It is natural that eager youth, breathing an atmosphere tingling with romance, feels aggrieved when it is required to lend a hand in the common tasks of the household, when it is kept in a state of humiliation by the inadequacy of the domestic budget, when it has to defer in matters of opinion and the employment of its leisure to the judgment of those who, being much older, are in its opinion far behind the times.

The problem grows more difficult when youth feels within itself the glow of genius and dreams of a career in art or literature, music or the drama. Then duty appears as the dreariest of moral obligations; for, in your father's house, it is never spectacular, never glorious. You may do your best in the kitchen, yet your tasks there will always be barren in the sense of lovely and enduring accomplishment. Sometimes youth revolts, declaring, "I have a right to live my own life," which is only a grandiloquent way of saying, "I mean to do what I please."

About this aspect of the principle of the self-determination of small peoples there is nothing new or strange. The young man of the parable who took his patrimony and journeyed into a far country may have dreamed of a career when he left his father's house. But, like many another, he made an unwise choice of companions to help him to success. He only exchanged for the tender family ties the gyves of habits and pursuits that proved far worse obstacles to worthy ambition than all the petty chores that made life in the old home so distasteful.

Even if you find your career and escape the pitfalls that surround it, can you be independent in it? To develop your gift must you not rely upon the patience and consideration and good will of those about you? At home the love and care that your parents and brothers and sisters lavished upon you were given with no thought of recompense. Can you expect as much from those among whom you are "living your own life"? Most of them will stick by you as long as they can make use of you. They too "have their own lives to live."

The test of any way of life is the measure of happiness that it brings in its train. By that test "living your own life" is not to be recommended. We usually find that those who try it are querulous and faultfinding. They keep no true friends, for even the most unselfish of friends must have a little oil to feed the sacred flame. The happiest are they who have found that the true way to live your own life is to devote it to the service of others.

HELPING THEMSELVES

IT is pleasant in these times, when it is so fashionable to regard legislation as the only way to deal with social and economic problems, to find a group of farmers who are trying intelligently to cure their own ills by first finding out what causes them. That seems to be exactly what the Hampden County Improvement League of Massachusetts is doing. With a trained market man in charge of the work, it has set about the business of learning what food products the county raises, and how much of them, and

what amount it consumes, and how efficiently it markets what it raises.

Already it has learned some rather surprising things. Local poultry men complain that the local retail market fails to absorb all their eggs at the height of the spring laying season, at a satisfactory price; yet investigation by the League shows that instead of having a large surplus, as they had supposed, the poultry raisers of Hampden County are producing only half as many eggs as they produced ten years ago, and only one ninth of the eggs consumed in the county. The trouble is that those in the back towns have no direct contact with the most profitable market, and that distribution through the local tradesman or the peddler breaks down when the demand slackens. In consequence a poultry-marketing pool is now in process of organization that will devote itself chiefly to establishing a standard package and label, will candler its own eggs and select the customers who can absorb the spring surplus.

An apple-marketing association in the county will handle this year about one third of all the apples grown within the county limits. The members, who at first thought they could supply all the apples the county needed, have discovered that their whole crop is only one sixth of what the city of Springfield alone consumes. The rest of the demand must be supplied by Western or other outside apples, so the task of the Hampden County orchardists is to raise their standard of grading, packing and marketing to those of their competitors, or above them.

It is the same story with onions and with other garden truck, great quantities of which are produced in the county, yet not nearly enough to supply the demand. The remedy is better organization. There is no other. All the laws that could be put on the statute books would make no difference.

It is a hopeful sign that a county-wide association in the East should be attacking so intelligently and courageously the problem of a farmers' surplus and a consumers' lack. The boy who finds his fishhook caught in the seat of his trousers and cuts it out himself will get to fishing a good deal sooner than the boy who merely sits down and shouts for help.



CURRENT EVENTS

WHEN Mr. Stanley Baldwin became premier of Great Britain, he created a sensation by offering the important office of Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. Reginald McKenna, who had been a Liberal and had sat in Mr. Asquith's cabinet. It is now announced that Mr. McKenna's health will not permit him to accept the chancellorship, and the premier has appointed Mr. Neville Chamberlain to that post. Mr. Chamberlain is a son of the late Joseph Chamberlain, for many years one of the most conspicuous of British public men, and a brother of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Lloyd George coalition ministry.

THE United States has at last recognized President Obregon. The commission that has negotiated the understanding between the two governments was in session in Mexico City for three months, and, though the delegates found it no easy matter to clear up all the obstacles to recognition that were offered by the provisions of the Mexican constitution that deal with alien property rights, the negotiations were carried on in the most cordial spirit on both sides and with every determination to find a way of resuming the friendly relations that so long existed between the two countries. It is stated that by amicable arrangement a mixed claims commission will undertake the settlement of all claims that American citizens have presented for damages sustained during the revolutionary period in Mexico.

AMONG the passenger steamers that the German submarines sank in or near the English Channel during the war was the White Star ship *Laurentic*, which went down in nearly a hundred feet of water. The vessel would have remained undisturbed if there had not been some \$30,000,000 in gold bullion on board. That made it worth while to undertake the very expensive diving operations that were necessary, and the divers have actually brought to the surface almost the entire quantity of gold. In recovering the

bars of bullion from the mud and silt that covered them the men used an ingenious contrivance like an old diving rod. With that they poked about in the mud; when the point of the rod approached gold the needle of a galvanometer with which it was connected swung to the right. When it touched iron the needle swung to the left. In that way the presence of gold even under several feet of mud was quickly and infallibly determined.

BELGIUM as well as France has replied to the British note, suggesting the evacuation of the Ruhr Valley, that it prefers to remain until some satisfactory arrangement is reached for the payment of the sums due from Germany on account of reparations. The Belgian note reechoes M. Poincaré in declaring that the problem of reparations is definitely bound together with the question of the interallied debts. It is impossible to see anything except complete failure for British foreign policy in the events that have followed the dispatch of Mr. Baldwin's note to the governments of the allied powers. He has not succeeded in shaking the hold of France upon the Ruhr, he has not made any progress in detaching the Allies from France, and he has not persuaded Germany to make the kind of offer that France is willing to consider.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

WHENEVER our fellow Americans from other parts of the country make a visit to Boston they always go to Concord, the remarkable village where Emerson, Hawthorne, Miss Alcott and Thoreau lived and worked. In the next issue of *The Companion* we shall publish Part I, *The Old Map*, of

Young Days in Old Concord

by Helen Dawes Brown

a schoolgirl's fascinating record of famous men, women and events. Part II, in the issue of October 11, will tell of *The Lyceum*, the centre of the literary life of the town.

Both articles will be attractively illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings of places and scenes most intimately associated with the great days and the great men and women of the old town.

THE extraordinary character of the results that Signor Mussolini has achieved in Italy is demonstrated by the complete about face that he has obliged Italian labor to make. Only two years ago the Italian Federation of Labor was very largely communistic in its sympathies; its leaders were all advanced Socialists. But at the recent meeting of the Federation at Milan the gathering voted not to ally itself with any party, but to collaborate so far as possible with the present administration. It is still more significant that the meeting represented only about two hundred and fifty thousand workers. The rest of the two million members that the Federation used to number have already withdrawn from it because they are out of sympathy with the Socialist group that has so long controlled it.

THE movement for the separation of the Rhineland from the rest of Germany still shows occasional signs of vitality, though it is probable that the symptoms usually follow a little expert stimulation by the French authorities. The Rhenish People's League has recently issued a declaration of principles, in which it insists on the right of the Rhenish lands to independence and assails the Prussian influence as harmful to Germany and so unpopular as to make a federal Germany under Prussian leadership impossible. There are Germans, no doubt, who feel as inimical to Prussia as they do to France, and who would be glad to get out from under the domination of Berlin; but we do not get the impression that they are numerous enough even in the Rhineland to make the movement for independence formidable except as it has French support—and perhaps not then.



STAMPS TO STICK

THE war-time Caribou series of Newfoundland is giving way to a complete new set with pictorial designs representing local scenery. Besides the fourteen values there will be two air-post stamps.

The values and designs of the new regular series are 1-cent green, showing Twin Hills at Tors Cove, a holiday and fishing resort outside St. John's; 2-cent red, showing the southwest arm of Trinity Bay, one of the most picturesque spots in Newfoundland; 3-cent brown, with a picture of the "Fighting Newfoundlander," a statue that Sir Edgar Bowring presented to the Newfoundland people as a memorial to the fighting men who went overseas at the call of Great Britain; 4-cent claret, "A Cosy Nook, Humber River"; 5-cent royal blue, a coast scene near Trinity; 6-cent gray, Upper Steadies, Humber River; 8-cent purple, Quidi Vidi village, a fishing hamlet thirty minutes' walk from St. John's; 9-cent gray-green, a photograph of "Caribou Crossing Lake"; 10-cent cinnamon brown, Humber River Cañon; 11-cent olive, Shell Bird Island, Humber River; 12-cent orange, Mount Moriah, Bay of Islands; 15-cent deep blue, Humber River near Little Rapids; 20-cent deep green, Placentia, a picturesque village that once was the French capital; 24-cent sepia, Topsail Falls, a suburban bathing resort on Conception Bay.

The air-post stamps are 10-cent black and green and 15-cent black and brown. On the lower value is a view of St. John's Harbor with an airplane above the Narrows. On the higher value is a picture of the airplane in which Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown made their transatlantic flight in June, 1919.

As compared with the previous set, the 9-cent, 11-cent and 20-cent are new values, and the 36-cent, which belonged to the Caribou issue, has been retired. The new 4-cent is claret instead of brown, the 8-cent is purple instead of magenta, the 10-cent is cinnamon brown instead of dark green, and the 24-cent is sepia instead of olive green. Otherwise the colors have not been changed.

OF the India stamps surcharged Koweit for use in the former Asiatic-Turkish town now under British administration, as described in *The Companion* of May 24, it appears that only twelve complete sets were thus overprinted, the fourteen values of which range from ½ anna to 10 rupees. The native, or local, spelling is "Kuwait." Accordingly most of the surcharged stamps bear the name Kuwait, overprinted on the same denominations except the 3-anna orange. The 15-rupee blue and olive also has Kuwait, and for official use various denominations are surcharged Koweit, of which there are some forty varieties, of which those that bear the name Koweit are likely to be scarce.

THE new 2-cent black Harding memorial stamp has now been placed on sale throughout the country. Very shortly after Mr. Harding's death the Postmaster-General, Mr. New, conceived the idea of printing stamps of this character. President Coolidge immediately gave his approval, and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing was directed to go ahead with the plates. The stamp carries a profile head of the late President, his last name and the date of birth and of death.

AN Arab sheik appears as the central design in a new series of postage-due stamps put forth in Tunis. The inscription includes "Regence de Tunis." The values are 1 centime, black; 2 centimes, black on buff; 5 centimes, plum; 10 centimes, blue; 20 centimes, orange brown on buff; 30 centimes, sepia; 50 centimes, rose; 1 franc, pale green; 2 francs, olive green; 5 francs, purple.

FOR the first time Italy presents a standard catalogue. The King of Italy recently gave it his approval by granting a special audience to the editors, who include an admiral and a noted physician, and who gave the King the first copy from the presses.

There are to be five values in the coming Fascist issue of Italy—10 centesimi, 30 centesimi, 50 centesimi, 1 lira and 2 lire. The designs are from sculptural fragments from the Capitoline Hill, from the Palazzo Massimo and from a Roman tomb at Palazzolo on Lake Albano.

THE permanent series of Irak, now listed under Mesopotamia but in future to have a place of its own in the standard catalogue, has now appeared. The designs are those described in *The Companion* of April 26, and the colors are as follows:

For the ½ anna, olive; 1 anna, brown; 1½ annas, rose; 2 annas, yellow brown; 3 annas,

blue; 4 annas, violet; 6 annas, blue green; 8 annas, bistre; 1 rupee, brown and green; 2 rupees, slate; 5 rupees, orange; 10 rupees, carmine.

WITH the inauguration of the transcontinental aeroplane mail service special stamps are again being issued by the United States. Three values have appeared. The 8-cent, green, bears a radiator and a propeller of an aeroplane as the central design. On the 16-cent, blue, is shown the official design of the Air Mail Service—a wing-bordered oval containing the inscription "Air Mail." A model of one of the army's latest mail-carrying flying machines appears on the 24-cent, carmine.

It will be recalled that the United States first put forth air-mail stamps in 1918. A 24-cent, red and blue, appeared in May of that year. The postal tax was shortly lowered, and a 16-cent, green, was introduced. In December of the same year the postage was further reduced, and a 6-cent, orange, was issued.

At the Philatelic Stamp Agency in Washington comparatively small stocks of the earlier aerial stamps, which are still good for postage, remain unsold.

AT the government Philatelic Stamp Agency, which was described in *The Companion* of April 26, the clerical force is to be doubled. Four employees are being trained in specialized philately. The bureau took in \$125,000 during the past fiscal year and is planning to meet the expected increased demand by collectors in the future. It is enlarging its quarters and making arrangements with the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to get exactly the stocks that collectors want.

COLLECTORS have been puzzled by the curious separating perforations that have appeared recently on the stamps of Afghanistan. The explanation is that a sewing machine is used instead of the customary perforating machine. So few stamps are required in Afghanistan that the authorities are printing the current stamps with extra wide margins, and the sheets are then run under a sewing-machine needle. It is simple and effective and provides new varieties for the collector.

SASENO is issuing stamps for the first time. It is an island lying at the entrance to the Bay of Avlona, Albania. The Italian post offices in Albania were closed some months ago, and the first stamp issue of Saseno seems to indicate that Italy has come into possession of the island by arrangement with Albania. There are seven of the stamps, comprising Italy's current 10-centesimo red, 15-centesimo slate, 20-centesimo orange, 25-centesimo blue, 30-centesimo red-brown, 50-centesimo violet, and 1-lira brown and green, each overprinted with the name of the island in capital letters.

CHINA, 1912, \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$5.00 fine stamps, only \$4.00
MONTENEGRO, 1907, complete set, 12 varieties, mint, .15
MONTENEGRO, 1916, complete set, 12 varieties, mint, .35
PHILIPPINES, 1911-13, 13 var., 2c to 4 pesos, incl., used, .35
UNITED STATES, 1920, \$2.00 bi-colored, fine copies, .40
UNITED STATES, 1918, 16c Aeroplane, fine for. 15; 24c for. 25
Price List free. Finest approval selections sent only on request.

B. L. VOORHEES, 25 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

To All Applicants for Approval Sheets We Offer:
All for 10 cts.
1 Pocket album, perforation gauge, hinges,
2 Bulgaria, 2 Malta, 2 U.S. Revenues, old,
2 Kedah, 2 Greece.

250 Different European, including Aserbaidjan, Danzig, Lithuania, Liechtenstein, Ukraine, etc. FREE, if you send us 25c. for 3 months' Subscription to MEKEEL'S WEEKLY STAMPS NEWS, the finest stamps paper in the world.

OHIO STAMP CO., 324 Canton Bldg., Dept. Y. O., Cleveland, O.

"MEKEELS Sold Stamps to Your GRANDFATHER!"
Stamps for new and advanced collectors, sent on approval. 250 different stamps, mostly 19th century, 50 cts. Ask for "Mekeel's News and Trade Circular." Sent free to customers. MEKEEL STAMP CO., Bethlehem, Pa., U.S.A.

200 DIFFERENT STAMPS (\$1.75 catalog value), and price list, 10c to those asking for our 50% discount approval selections. Hinges 10c per 1000. K. C. STAMP CO., Dept. 1, 938 Lee Building, Kansas City, Mo.

STAMPS FREE War Stamps, Surcharged, Unused, 3c postage. MIDLAND STAMP CO., Toronto, Canada.

30 COLONIALS 10c. Borneo, Malay, Nigeria, Straits, Rhodesia, etc. 40 British 12c., 10 Iceland 20c., 10 Siam 10c., 20 N.Z. 5c. BROOKS-EDWARDS, 43 Edmund St., Cambridge, Eng.

FIRST POSTAGE STAMP EVER ISSUED Great Britain—1840—1 penny, black. \$1.12 R. H. A. GREEN, 221 Main Street, EVANSTON, ILL.

70% DISCOUNT Stamps sent on approval at 70% discount from standard prices. Reference required. J. Emory Knoll, Dept. AB, Hanover, Pa.

200 all different FREE to approval applicants sending postage. 600 diff. all countries 75c; 1000 diff. \$1.75. H. W. Myers & Co., 1018 Florida St., Richmond, California.

ZAMBESIA, Zanzibar, Abyssinia, Herzegovina, Allenstein Stamps, Menager Collection, Hinges, only 10c. LIBERTY STAMP CO., 374 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE PREMIUM Ask for money-saving approvals. John K. Borresen, Cedar Falls, Ia.

LOOK 60 Foreign all diff. 10c. to approval applicants; 1000 Hinges 10c. R. A. FOSS, Hardy St., Methuen, Mass.

PENNYMINT Approvals, unused stamps, 1c. each. THEODORE H. AMES, Montclair, N.J.

STAMPS 100 Foreign all diff. Free. Postage 2c. 1000 Hinges 10c. List Free. Q. STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

ZANZIBAR 2 diff. for 8c. Lists free; Approvals for reference. Harold Shepard, Amherst, Mass.

FREE Airplane Stamp if you ask for Paragon Approvals. Inclose 2c. stamp. Bivdadh Stamp Co., Denver, Colo.

STAMPS 20 Varieties unused free. Postage 2c. MIAMI STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio



I CAN SUCCEED

"What other boys have done through the help of the International Correspondence Schools, I can do, too! If the I. C. S. has raised the salaries of other boys, it can raise mine. To me I. C. S. means 'I CAN SUCCEED.'"

GET the "I Can Succeed" spirit. It means a better job—a larger salary—a better home!

No matter where you live, or how little time or money you have now, the I. C. S. has a course of training to fit your needs.

Thousands of ambitious boys have achieved success through I. C. S. help in the past 31 years—over 180,000 men and boys are getting ready right now for the big jobs ahead. Join them and make your life something to be proud of.

Mail the coupon TO-DAY and let us tell you what the I. C. S. can do for you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 7242, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

Business Management — Salesmanship
Advertising — Better Letters
Personnel Organization — Show Card Lettering
Traffic Management — Stenography and Typing
Business Law — Business English
Banking and Banking Law — Civil Service
Accountancy (incl. C.P.A.) — Railway Mail Clerk
Cost Accounting — Common School Subjects
Private Secretary — High School Subjects
Spanish — French — Illustrating

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

Electrical Engineering — Architect
Electric Lighting — Blue Print Reading
Mechanical Engineering — Contractor and Builder
Mechanical Drafting — Architectural Draftsman
Machine Shop Practice — Concrete Builder
Railroad Positions — Structural Engineer
Gas Engine Operating — Chemistry
Civil Engineering — Automobile Work
Surveying and Mapping — Airplane Engines
Metallurgy — Mining — Agriculture and Poultry
Steam Engineering — Radio — Mathematics

Name _____
Street _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Occupation _____
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

STAMPS! New "World's Largest" Wholesale and Retail Catalogue of Postage Stamps ready, 140 pages. SINGLE STAMPS, SETS, PACKETS, ALBUMS, SUPPLIES, ETC. Price 10c. Worth \$5 To You. Send 10c Today.

Bargain Sets No Two Stamps Alike in Any Set. All fine. 50 Africa 25c; 15 Arg. 11c; 50 Asia 17c; 35 Austria 10c; 10 Brazil 5c; 100 Br. Col's 25c; 25 Bulgaria 15c; 30 Chile 11c; 10 China 7c; 50 Cuba 40c; 25 Czechoslovakia 10c; 10 Egypt 7c; 100 Hungary 15c; 7 Iceland 20c; 50 Italy 10c; 40 Japan 7c; 10 Liberia 25c; 17 Mexico 10c; 13 Norway 45c; 10 Paraguay 10c; 25 Persia 25c; 8 Reunion 5c; 20 Russia 10c; 7 Siam 15c; 10 Straits 7c; 30 Sweden 11c; 100 U.S. 25c; 10 Uruguay 8c; 50 French Col's 25c; 50 Portuguese Col's 25c. Following wonderful collections guaranteed to satisfy your moneybook. 500 Different 50c; 1000 Different \$1.50; 2000 Different \$5.50. Postage extra. Remit in stamps or money order. If by stamps, MARKS STAMP CO., Dept. V, TORONTO, CANADA

NYASSA GIRAFFES and packet 52 different scarce stamps, PUMPE TRIANGLE. All Only 9c. large 6x10 U.S., etc., to introduce approvals. FENNEL STAMP CO., Dept. Y, St. Louis, Mo.

SNAPS 200 different stamps, 10c; 50 different United States Stamps, 10c. With each order we give free our price list of sets, packets, albums, etc., and our pamphlet which tells "How to make a collection properly."

QUEEN CITY STAMP COMPANY

Room 38, 604 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

500 ALL DIFF. STAMPS AND ALBUM 50c 50 diff. French Colony Picture Stamps 10c. 14 diff. Ukraine 10c. 8 diff. Liechtenstein 10c. 5 diff. White Russia 10c. 8 diff. Latvia 5c. 10 diff. Nyassa, Beotides, 10c. 10 diff. Danzig 10c. Big price list and stamp paper free to approval applicants. George C. LINN COMPANY, Columbus, O.

QUICK SERVICE APPROVALS hundreds of Companion readers. You try 'em and be convinced. Usual 50% off with extra discounts for quick returns. Also a real premium to applicants: rare Cuba Rep. cat. over \$1, and price list. D. M. WARD, 608 Buchanan St., Gary, Ind.

NYASSA SET FREE also 1 SET NEUROPE for a request for my 1, 2 and 3c. net sheets, also the higher priced desirable stamps at 50% discount, and better. You will find many good British Col. on my sheets and books. None better. Chas. T. Egner, 4521 Frankford Ave. Ph.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

OPENING A NEW BOOK

By Abbie Farwell Brown



Here's an adventure! What awaits
Beyond these closed, mysterious gates?
Whom shall I meet, where shall I go?
Beyond the lovely land I know?
Above the sky, across the sea?
What shall I learn and feel and be?
Open, strange doors, to good or ill?
I hold my breath a moment still
Before the magic of your look.
What will you do to me, O Book?

THE PERIL OF BAD COMPANY

JIM is not a sheep-killing dog. In fact so scrupulous is he, owing no doubt to his training and to his coming from a long line of sheep-herding ancestors, that he will not eat mutton even though his master offers it to him. Yet for several days Jim has been limping on a bandaged foot—shot at as a sheep killer.

It was a stray half-breed hound that started the trouble. Jim was under a tree asleep on the lawn when the stranger appeared. A few minutes later the two were crossing the meadow together; then they were in the woods, barking. Before long they had treed an opossum. Jim was enjoying himself; you could tell that from the way he barked.

Later a neighbor saw the two dogs in a stretch of woodland two miles from home; three other dogs had joined them. Before long two more joined the band, which was led by the irresponsible hound.

Five miles from home the leader led his pack into an open field where sheep were grazing. Straight for the innocent creatures he rushed. Jim stopped, and the other dogs swept by him. It was wrong for him to kill sheep. It was wrong for any dog to kill sheep!

In a flash the strange dog had a lamb down. Then Jim ran straight at the cur and, springing, seized him by the throat. At that instant a rifle cracked near by, and the mongrel went limp in the sheep dog's jaws. The rest of the pack scattered, and Jim started for the woods. He had almost reached cover when the rifle cracked again, and he lurched sidewise. Fortunately, the undergrowth was thick, and he managed to escape.

It was a dejected and humiliated dog that returned home late the same day. But it was not the pain in Jim's foot that caused his head and his tail to droop—no, it was the way in which he had received the injury: shot at as a sheep killer! There is no doubt that the faithful dog had learned his lesson: to "shun evil companions."

CHOICES

WHITE-LIPPED and with her heart beating unsteadily, Selma Rogers knocked at the door of the dean's office. She felt no nervousness; her excitement came from anger. The injustice of it all seemed to sweep over her afresh when she met the dean's clear eyes.

"I came to ask you about that Chester High School appointment, Miss Bryan," she said. "I can't understand it. I can't understand how a girl like Martha Collins should have received it over some of us who have so much higher records and"—she faltered for a moment—"and more attractive personalities! You understand I do not mean to say anything against Miss Collins; she is a fine girl of course. But, well, I thought records counted, Miss Bryan."

The dean smiled. "Records do count, Miss Rogers," she replied. "The mistake that many people make, however, is in thinking that the whole measure of success or failure lies in the rating. Take your own case. You are specializing in English literature, I believe."

Selma nodded.

"What are your minors?"

"History, French, Spanish and botany."

"You do not like mathematics." It was a statement, not a question.

"Hate it!" Selma replied brusquely.

"So does Miss Collins. But your minors are curiously different. Hers are astronomy, chemistry, German and philosophy. Last year she took mathematics and advanced physics."

Miss Bryan waited for a moment, but Selma did not understand.

"Don't you see, Miss Rogers? All through college you have chosen the things that come most easily to you, whereas Miss Collins has chosen the most difficult. 'I hate mathematics, but I just can't bear to be beaten by a hard thing,' she said to me once. I watched her after that and discovered that that was her philosophy of life. Whenever there was a difficult or disagreeable thing in the road she attacked it and did not stop till she had mastered it. She has had no time to pay much attention to marks; she has been too busy working for realities. Now it happens that Mr. Hampton is the kind of superintendent who believes that a teacher's first duty is not to see that her pupils memorize certain facts or principles but to help them to master life. He brushed aside the question of records. 'Never mind those,' he

said. 'I want some one who will make Jimmy Dolan feel that he is a poor sport if he shirks his studies, and Sadie Tucker realize that a girl has got to do good teamwork to succeed anywhere in life.' Now do you see, Miss Rogers?"

"I see what you mean," Selma replied with difficulty, "but everyone doesn't look at things that way."

"No," the dean replied gravely, "everyone does not."

THE MAN WHO FELL SIX MILES

PROBABLY the most astounding experience in the whole history of our air service belongs to Maj. R. W. Schroeder, "the man who fell six miles." Equipped with a super-charger for his engine, so that it would run at high altitudes, and with an electric heating apparatus and a tank of oxygen for himself, he started out one day from McCook Field, Ohio, to climb to a height of forty thousand feet, or almost eight miles. His plane, says Mr. David Masters in the Wide World Magazine, climbed beautifully, but when he reached thirty-five thousand feet he began to feel queer; the oxygen had ceased to flow.

He fumbled for the stopcock to make sure that it was wide open; he could not see well because there was a sheet of ice over his goggles both inside and out. Then he began to struggle to get his breath. Without thinking, he lifted his goggles to see what was wrong with the tank. Instantly a most appalling explosion seemed to take place inside his head, and everything went black. For the life of him he could not think what had happened. He tried to open his eyes, but to his horror found that he could not.

What had happened was this: the temperature had dropped to sixty-seven degrees below zero, and as soon as Schroeder lifted his goggles his eyes, suddenly coming into contact with the cold air, froze solid!

Blind and dazed, the unfortunate airman could no longer control the plane. There came a tremendous rush of air, and the wind began to screech past as he drifted into unconsciousness. Down and down plunged man and machine. One petrol tank slowly collapsed, owing to the sudden change in the pressure of the air; then another tank smashed in, and still another. Sometimes in that awful fall the machine was upside down. Mile after mile it plunged downward with its unconscious pilot. In less than three minutes he fell six miles!

Schroeder was only two thousand feet from the earth, barely ten seconds from death, when his numbed brain cleared. He pulled hard on the "stick," knowing that he must straighten out the machine to land. A momentary glimpse of the aerodrome came to his tortured eyes—just as if he had peeped for an instant through a crack in a black cloud. His brain worked like lightning. "I can't land there," he thought. "I'm blind. I must climb again to a good height and then jump for it in my parachute."

He tilted the machine to climb again, and once more his eyes saw for a fraction of a second. He seemed to see McCook Field flick away into darkness; from that time on he remembered nothing.

The men near the aerodrome saw the machine land as lightly as a bird and stop. They raced up to it. At first glance they thought the pilot was dead; his eyes and lids were frozen solid, and his body was rigid. Gently they lifted him out and took him to a hospital, where he soon recovered from his adventure.

When they came to examine the machine they found that mercury that had been lying on the floor was spattered against the under side of the instrument board—proof positive that the plane had fallen part of the way upside down. How terrific was the upward rush of air during the fall may be inferred from the fact that the friction actually took the "dope" and varnish off the wings in streaks.

Certainly Major Schroeder is one of the luckiest as well as one of the pluckiest men in the world. He is the only human being who has ever fallen six miles and survived the ordeal.

BOMBARDED WITH OYSTERS

AMONG the amusing memories of Paymaster Capt. G. H. A. Willis, R. N., set down by him in the Cornhill Magazine, is one connected with his first appearance on board one of Her Majesty's ships.

The Duke of Wellington, he writes, was a three-decker, and the gun room was on the lower deck. As I went aboard I was completely bewildered with the rushing to and fro and the succession of orders being piped and repeated by the call boys on all the decks and down the hatchways. In those days too there were neither electric lights nor even the Colom system of lamplighting, only the old fighting lanterns and police lanterns; by their dim light I went through the main and middle decks to the lower deck. Outside the gun room I lingered, not very anxious to go in, as there was loud singing and a good deal of scuffling going on. A voice shouted, "Here's another clerk!" Another yelled, "Come in, you long swab!"

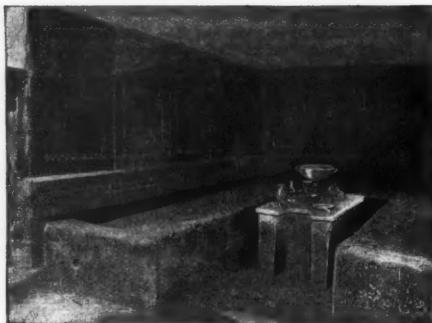
But just then there was a thud and shouting above, and an avalanche of oysters fell on and round me. The occupants of the gun room

poured out, shouting, "Oysters! Oysters!" They scrambled hurriedly for them and then reentered the mess, calling for bread and butter and stout.

It appeared that a longshoreman had brought two baskets of oysters, intending to sell them to the men in the gun room, but, as the decks were being washed, the ladders from the main and middle deck hatchways were triced up, and the poor fellow, dipping under the guard rope, had fallen to the middle deck. There, fortunately, a netting brought him up all standing and not much hurt, but his oysters went farther than he did. The incident effectually stopped all further notice of my arrival, and I was able to take stock of my surroundings.

A POMPEIIAN DINING ROOM

THEY are constantly turning up at Pompeii something more remarkable than anything that has been turned up before. The so-called House of Crescentius has been uncovered in almost perfect condition. Even the rooms above stairs are in excellent preservation. They are mostly bedchambers, but there is one summer dining room with the well in which the dumb-waiter ran still intact. The principal dining room on the ground floor is an elegant room. As the picture shows, the inclined couches on which the diners lay are unharmed. They are built of brick covered with stucco and are painted red. In the centre stands a small marble table, and on it was found an iron brazier or chafing dish for keeping the food warm.



This built-in dining room furniture was plainly made to last; its luxurious cushions and draperies proved not so indestructible

The walls of the room are painted in wide red and black panels. The black panels are decorated with birds, the red panels with garlands of flowers. There are several inscriptions in verse painted on the walls. One reads:

— lites odiosaque jurgia differ
Si potes aut gressus ad tua tecta defer,

which in English would read: "Refrain if you can from strife and quarreling, or else go out and get you home."

THE BLOT ON A SPORTSMAN'S DAY

LIONS are apparently still plentiful in parts of Africa. They leap and play in throngs across the pages of Mr. J. Stevenson Hamilton's article in the Cornhill Magazine. The author somewhat diminished their numbers, however, for his eye was good, and his rifle was in excellent working order. Here is the account of one bit of lion stalking:

After a while "Watch" nudged me and whispered, "Nansi inkunzi!" I peered out cautiously; sure enough, a couple of hundred yards away a big black head was moving over the grass. The problem was how to get within easy shot of the creature, which was a big male, without disturbing any of the females that very likely were in the vicinity.

Leaving my companion, I began to crawl slowly forward and found myself at last under a thorn bush. Some sixty yards in front of me and to the right I could see the head of a lioness; she was gazing about, but luckily never in my direction. Straight in front of me and a little more than a hundred yards away the big male was lying down, at intervals licking his forepaws. He was sideways to me, and I could see little more than his head; he had a fine black-and-yellow mane. Presently he rolled over and was entirely lost to sight. Probably half an hour passed. There was not a sound except the humming of insects, and it was becoming uncomfortably hot under my bush. Then another lioness got up suddenly and, walking over to the old lion, lay down close beside him. She proved to be restless and kept sitting up and staring about in all directions.

Once or twice in the next half hour the old lion roused himself, but the female was always in the way, and I could not fire. At last the moment came. From somewhere in the background a younger male, followed by a couple of females, appeared slowly approaching. The old lion sat up on his haunches, and for once his attendant remained quiet. His back was turned to me, and I had a perfect shot at the nape of the neck.

Crack! He dropped like a stone, but in that instant there was pandemonium. Lions seemed to

jump up from everywhere. Not knowing whence the danger came, they dashed wildly about in all directions, staring and leaping blindly hither and thither.

The old lioness on my right sprang to her feet and trotted straight toward me. When she was about twenty-five paces distant she halted and began peering about. I did not want to shoot her, but instinct made me do it. The next moment I could have kicked myself. In the excitement of the hunt I had forgotten all about my camera man waiting patiently in the rear; I had cheated him of a unique photograph. He had got his machine set up about twenty-five yards behind me and was about to take a picture when I spoiled his chance. One snapshot of a lion under such conditions would of course have been a finer trophy than half a dozen merely shot! My friend was good-natured about it, but I must say that I felt the incident was a blot on an otherwise perfect day.

That night there was feasting and rejoicing both among our own followers and among the people of the small adjacent village. For hereabouts lion flesh is esteemed the greatest of all delicacies.

KITCHENER'S ROMANCE

IT was customary to speak of Lord Kitchener as a confirmed bachelor, a connoisseur of romance, almost a woman hater. As a matter of fact he was anything but that. There was a hidden romance in his life to which of course he never referred, but which Sir James Denham in *Memoirs of the Memorable* relates:

It was Kitchener's lot to love a woman who was as emphatically devoted to duty as he was. The woman had been adopted by a wealthy relative, a woman who soon fell incurably ill. It was not possible—so the girl argued—to desert her in her infirmity, and as a result the man went on his lonely course and had the dreary desert for companion, where no skylark sings and where the vulture wings upon his hungry way. The blossom of life was not for him, but what was his soul's loss was the salvation of England in the East.

In later days his car might frequently be seen starting from the historic palace where he lodged westward to the house of the elderly woman whom he still loved. He leaned upon her counsel, for she was a woman of rare mental balance. He never sought her sympathy in vain. That intimacy of mind meant much to him.

In addition to her rare common sense she was possessed of humor even more uncommon. Excellent is her definition of the man who sought her advice so frequently: "Never was a man truer to his name.

Outwardly cold and hard as steel, he incloses beyond human sight the embers, the warmth, the fire he will not show."

And again, when he was elevated to an earldom as Earl Kitchener of Khartum and Viscount Broome: "Very suitable," she said and laughed; "every kitchener should have his broom."

A VALUABLE ROOSTER INDEED

A YOUNG farmer at Branchport, New York, writes a contributor, owns a Plymouth rock rooster that in the summer of 1922 raised two broods of chickens. The first family, which included ten chicks, the rooster virtually stole from the hen that had hatched them.

Both he and the hen were in the habit of taking shelter at night in a coop, and, as he showed fondness for the chicks, they became accustomed to nestle under him as readily as under the mother. Finally one morning he fought the hen for possession of the brood, vanquished her and thenceforth moved about proudly clucking and seeking food for the chicks exactly as the mother had done. At night he hovered them all until they grew too large to need his protection; then the farmer took away the half-grown chicks and offered him twenty-five that were newly hatched from an incubator. The rooster willingly adopted them and was quite as devoted to the second family as to the first.

He was allowed to run at large with his charges, though for a while they were all confined in a coop for exhibition at the Yates County fair, where they drew much attention. The owner will not part with the rooster, for he hopes for his valuable assistance in raising chickens another year.

CUTTING HIS LOSSES

THE sea, says "Whiting" in the Boston Herald, breeds philosophy and logic and an agreeable way of viewing many things. Take for example this case of a handy man on Cape Cod:

"How much do I owe you, Obed, for fixing the screen?" a cottager asked him.

"Wal, be ye goin' to pay cash or charge it?"

"Oh, whichever you prefer."

"Wal, ef it's cash, it's two dollars and sixty cents for the job; but ef you're goin' to charge it, it'll be two dollars."

"Why, Obed, that's queer! Usually it's less when it's cash."

"Yep; but ye see so many summer folks go 'way an' fergit to pay their bills, I lose more where it's charged, an' so I'd rather keep them charge accounts as small as I kin."



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Its subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

Renewal Payment should be sent directly to this office and receipt will be acknowledged by change in the expiration date following the subscriber's address on the margin of the paper. Payment to a stranger is made at the risk of the subscriber.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft. No other way by mail is safe.

Always give the name of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. In asking for change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Manuscripts offered for publication should, in every case, be addressed to The Editors. A personal address delays consideration of them.

Letters should be addressed and orders made payable to

PERRY MASON COMPANY
The Youth's Companion
Commonwealth Avenue and St. Paul Street, Boston, Mass.

INGROWN TOENAIL

INGROWN, or ingrowing, toenail is a condition in which the soft tissue at the side of one of the toenails is pressed against the hard nail and is cut by it. The great toe is the one almost always affected, and it is usually affected on the side next to the second toe. The trouble is caused by cutting the toenail too close at the side, so that the soft parts of the toe, compressed by a tight shoe, are pushed against the sharp edge of the nail. The trouble may come also from neglect of the feet; the flesh of the toe may become sodden and swollen and ride up over the side of the nail; the irritation so produced presently causes ulceration. That is usually the cause of the ingrown toenail sometimes seen in bedridden and paralytic cases.

The first indication of trouble is pain and soreness at the side of the toe. The seat of the pain, when the toe is compressed, is in the nail furrow. Inspection of the nail may show that it has been cut very close and has been carefully rounded; and a look at the shoe will probably show it to be narrow-toed and perhaps also high-heeled. Those are the two things most favorable for producing the distressing condition.

If treatment is begun at once, relief may speedily be obtained; but if it is neglected, the consequences may be serious. The continued pressure against the side of the nail will keep the wound from closing, and it will almost inevitably become inflamed; proud flesh will form, suppuration will ensue, and the final result may be blood poisoning or, in the aged, gangrene involving the loss of the toe. Fortunately, however, the pain drives the sufferer to seek relief before either extreme is reached. He changes to a wider shoe or to a slipper giving ample room for the toes; and if the change gives only partial relief, he goes to the doctor.

In the early stages he may spare himself the trouble of going to the doctor if he will soak the foot in a weak antiseptic solution such as of boric acid and then, after careful drying, insert a wisp of absorbent cotton or antiseptic gauze under the side of the nail, thus lifting it out of the furrow and keeping the flesh from touching it. If the nail is very hard and curved, it may have to be scraped along the centre to make it more flexible; if that simple treatment is given at the beginning, if care is taken to cut the nail square across and not to pare the sides too close, and if a change is made to wide-toed shoes, there should be no further trouble.

MOVING DAY IN BARBADOS

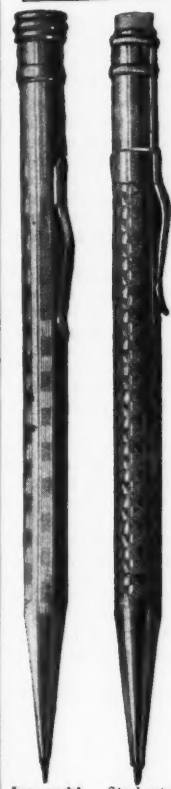
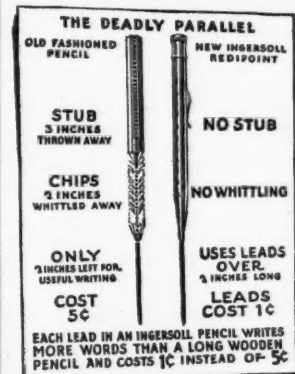
MOVING in Barbados is so simple a task as to rouse the envy of the ordinary American householder. When a negro in that happy island moves, says Sir Frederick Treves in the Cradle of the Deep, it is not uncommon to meet not only the furniture but the whole house on the highway.

The structure is placed on a car flat, like a puzzle taken to pieces; the four walls are laid one above another as if they were pieces of scenery from a theatre. The roof is indistinguishable as such, for the tiles are put into the bottom of the cart. The owner carries the front door on his head, and kind friends assist with the window shutters and with the chicken house. There is no plumbing, fortunately, and the eve that follows a moving morn sees the entire establishment newly set up and settled, swept and garnished.

A BIT OF ADVICE FOR THE MARQUIS

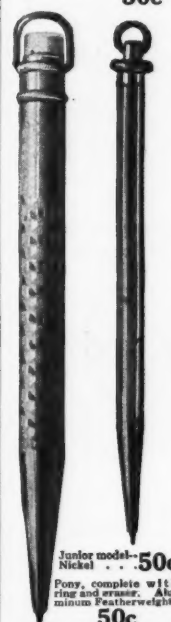
A WEALTHY real-estate man from the United States, says the Argonaut, was being shown over a wonderful old castle in Scotland. "This castle and estate," the guide was saying, "have been in the possession of the Marquis of So-and-So's family for seven hundred years."

"And I don't wonder at it neither," said the American. "The only way you could sell a property like this would be to pull down the house, cut the land up into building lots and advertise an auction sale of the lots with a special train and a brass band."



Long model Solid Silver Plate with clip, cap, and eraser under cap. \$1

Students' Featherweight, perfectly balanced, clip and eraser. 50c



Junior model—Nickel . . . 50c

Pony, complete with ring and eraser. Aluminum Featherweight. 50c

1. How Wesley discovers that the old fashioned wood pencil is as far behind the times as the horse car.

Thousands of school boys and girls are discovering the good points of the Ingersoll Pencil. See what you can discover, and win a CASH PRIZE.

First Prize \$100.—Second Prize \$75.—Third Prize \$50. 113 Prizes altogether.

Everyone has a chance to win a prize. There are 5 prizes of \$10, each 5 prizes of \$5, each and 50 Ingersoll Dollar Pencils and 50 Featherweight Ingersoll Pencils.

The world is progressing. The unfit always gives way to the fit. The automobile has replaced the oxcart—the railroads have taken the place of the covered wagons. The fast ocean liners have surpassed the slow sailing ships. The world is always waiting for something better—something that saves time—and money—and labor. The best letter, of not more than 300 words telling why the Ingersoll Pencil will do away with wood pencils—telling why the Ingersoll is the superior mechanical pencil—wins 1st Prize.

How to Win First Prize of \$100.

Read every word of this advertisement. Study the little movie on this page, see how Wesley Barry discovers the good points of the Ingersoll. Study the *Deadly Parallel*, like Wesley is doing—figure how much old fashioned wood pencils cost, and how much money you can save with an Ingersoll.

Then look for a dealer who has Wesley Barry and his Ingersoll chum in the window. Ask him to show you a Dollar Ingersoll, or a 50c Featherweight Ingersoll. Do all the things Wesley does in his little movie. That might help you to win the prize because you'll learn a lot of things about the Ingersoll Pencil. Then write a letter to Mr. W. H. Ingersoll, using the address on this page.

Rules of Contest:—Letters must not contain more than 300 words. Any boy or girl under 17 years of age may enter the contest. Write plainly, on one side of paper. All letters must be in our St. Paul office on or before October 31st, 1923. State age, grade, name of school; and home address. Write your name in full.

Winners will be announced in a later issue of this magazine. Prizes will be mailed before Christmas.

Be Sure and Remember These Important Points

The Ingersoll Pencil is absolutely Guaranteed. A New Pencil if it gets out of order. You get 10 long leads for 10c. You can get thin colored leads for all Ingersoll Pencils.

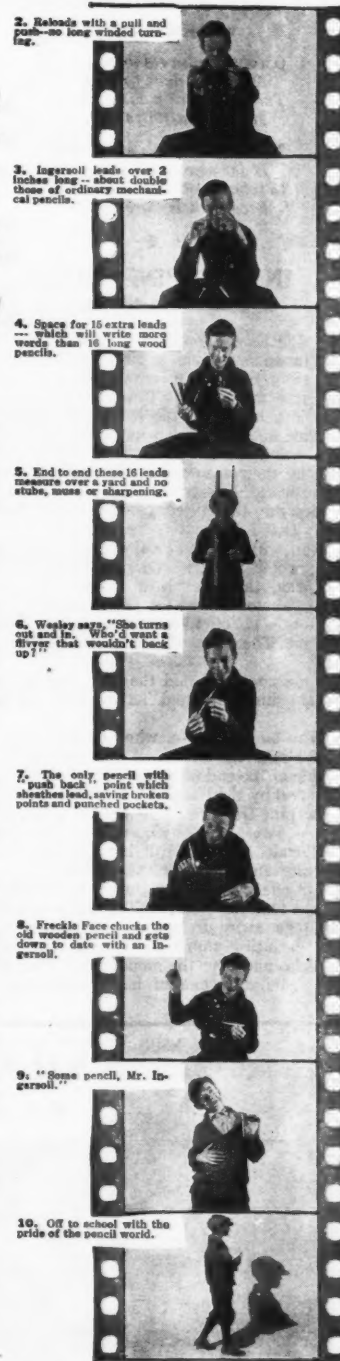
You can get Ingersoll Pencils for 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$2.00, \$2.50 and up—in Aluminum, Nickel, Silver Plate or Solid Gold.

The Ingersoll Pencil makes neater school work and less noise in the class room. Ask your teacher for some reasons why the Ingersoll Pencil is the best for school use.

Don't Delay—Get busy right now and begin learning all you can about the Ingersoll Pencil today, and you'll have plenty of time to make a lot of discoveries so you can write a good letter.

INGERSOLL REDIPOINT COMPANY, Inc.
NEW YORK 1388 QUALITY PARK, ST. PAUL, MINN. SAN FRANCISCO

Wesley Barry
starring in
WARNER BROS
Classics of the Screen
uses an
Ingersoll Pencil



SPECIAL "WESLEY BARRY SCHOOL MATINEE AND CONTEST"

"Freckles" will shortly appear at many theatres in a special school matinee of "The Country Kid," a Warner Bros. Screen Classic, at which pencil stubs will count, instead of money, for admission. A contest for Students, with Ingersoll Pencils as prizes, will also be included. Ask at your favorite Moving Picture Theatre for the Matinee date and start collecting your pencil stubs now. Business Offices will give you their stubs if you show them the "Deadly Parallel" diagram.

11. Watch for Wesley and his Ingersoll chum in store windows. Ask the dealer to show you the Ingersoll Pencil. See how he loads it, how the point turns in and out, write a few words with it. Then you'll say the same as Wesley, "Some pencil, Mr. Ingersoll."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

OCTOBER AND A RAINBOW

By Anne B. Payne

*October and a rainbow
Are much alike to me;
They both are made of colors
Most beautiful to see.*

*The difference is: A rainbow
Is far away and high;
October I can touch and feel
Because it is close by.*

IN THE PINE TREE

By Blanche Elizabeth Wade

THERE was once upon a time a little Japanese owl in a pine tree on a far-away Japanese mountain. He was in the pine tree most of the time, for by day he slept in a hollow of the trunk and by night he came out to sit upon its branches and see what was going on.

"Why do you never go off to see the rest of the world?" asked a bat.

"Because this piece of the world is so lovely that I am content," said the owl.

"You will never get anywhere or be anything worth while if you stay here all your life," said the bat. "Now I find this place lovely, as you know, for I often come here; but I also go off to see other things. Come with me. There are other pine trees as fine as this."

"I am content," said the owl, and the bat thought him a stupid fellow and flapped away.

"Who-oo, who-oo-o, whoo-oo is so happy as I?" sang the little owl and then gave a chuckle at the end of his call.

By and by there was a light swish of wings in the pine-tree branches, and there sat one of the sweet night singers—the Japanese nightingale, we may call him, though they give him another name there. "Why do you stay in one place all the time?" he asked. "I met the honorable bat, and he said you never would go away from this spot. There are many beautiful things to be seen across the rice fields and over the mountains." Then the nightingale sang one of his loveliest songs,

which told of the sweet-scented groves he had seen and the far-away temples and market places.

"That is all very well," said the owl. "I am glad you like them, but here am I content. Who-oo-oo, whooo-oo-o, whooo-oo-o is so happy as I?" And again he chuckled.

Away went the sweet singer in disgust. There was no use wasting songs on a stupid owl!

Down upon the ground the night insects were having a merry time of it. One of them called in his loudest tones, "O honorable owl of the shadows, why do you stay at home all the time? We have just come from the far-away fields beyond the mountains to give you some music, for we met the bat and the bird that sings by night, and they told us that you never leave this place. You will be lonesome and unhappy unless you go out into the world. Come with us and see for yourself that what we say is true. There are other places more beautiful than this."

The owl listened patiently to their merry music in the gayest rhythms and then told them to hear his song, and they heard, "Who-oo, who-oo-ooo, whooo-oo is so happy as I?" and the little chuckle at the end. "That is my answer," said he. So it was plain to be seen there was no use in their having anything more to do with him, and off went the night insects as far as they could go.

Then came a wild duck that could see very well to fly by night. He was making a long flight to another part of the country and stopped near the owl for a little rest.

"I just met the bat, the bird that sings by night and the night insects," said he, "and they tell me you are such a hermit that you will not leave the pine tree. You will starve and lose the use of your wings if you do not see something of the world."

"Oh, but I have plenty of exercise for my wings," answered the owl. "I use them when I fly to the places where I search for food, but the pine tree is good enough for me, and I have no wish to go out of sight of it."

"Oh, but you should see just once the wild stretches over which I pass, the marshes by moonlight and the many pines and other trees much finer than your pine here. Then you would change your mind. Come with me for one short flight just to try it. In a short space of time I can take you to a spot so lovely that you will think it a dream of delight."

"Graciously be pleased to say no more, O honorable wild duck," replied the little owl. "It is in vain to ask me, for whooo-oo-ooo, whooo-oo-ooo, whooo-oo-ooo is so happy as I?" And then came that happy little chuckle at the end.

The wild duck could see that it would be a waste of breath to say anything more; so he made a strong, sudden motion, and his sturdy

wings carried him off where he willed to go. He made a pretty picture against the background of the full moon as he flew out of sight.

The fireflies were the last to speak to the owl about the matter. They were dancing here and there in the grasses below and in the bushes and willows not far away from the pine tree. One of the fireflies left the rest and took a longer and higher flight than usual to have a little talk with the owl.

"You look lonely in the pine tree all by yourself," said he as he lighted upon the branch near the little owl. "Why not come down to the sedges with us when we go back? There the wind whispers and little boats from far away sail upon the river. There is much to be learned that you miss by staying here. Come with us and let us show you these wonders. We shall guide you by our flitting lights."

"You are most kind," said the owl, "but nothing can tempt me to go with you. This is the one place in the world for me. Oh, who-oo-o, who-oo-oo, whoooo-oo-oo is so happy as I?"

The little firefly said no more but flitted down to his companions, and after a bit more twinkling of their lights to show they were friendly anyhow they sparkled away to the sedges that they loved.

But can you believe it? After their little lights were gone the firefly that had spoken to the owl all at once came back. "O honorable owl," said he, "on our way back to our sedges we met the bat, the bird that sings by night, the night insects and the wild duck. They all say that they never heard of such a thing as any creature's long being happy alone away from the world. So I have come back to see if you have changed your mind since we left you. It is not too late, and I shall be glad to guide you to our playground."

The owl was so touched by this great kindness that he said, "I thank you for your goodness and for the goodness of the other creatures that have tried to take me away from what they call my loneliness. I must tell you my secret, so that you can tell the others. It will show why I cannot be coaxled to leave my home. I have listened to the song of the pine tree all my life. The tree has stood many years. From the wind it has heard all the tales of the far-away places. When I am snuggled within the hollow of the trunk by day the tree lulls me to sleep, and when the night comes the branches rock me and the long needles whisper to me of all the things that the wise tree knows that are worth remembering. One piece of advice the old tree has given me that I am finding true. It is this: 'Happiness,' says the old tree, 'is being content where you are.' And the old tree has stood here in this one spot for many years."

A Dream

By Alice A. Noyes



*I dreamed one night my ribbon bow
Became a butterfly
And took me fluttering with it
Into the far blue sky.*



*I dreamed a little romping breeze
Untied the bow, and then,
Kerplunk! I tumbled through the stars
Right into bed again!*

Storms have not harmed it or discouraged it. It lifts its head bravely. Besides, it has promised me a safe home so long as it lives, and not only that but the gift of its wisdom too. Tell this to the others and they will see that I am right in living here."

"You are indeed wise," answered the firefly. "I will do as you say." And he flitted away alone to join the others in the sedges. And do you know that every year they say that the bat, the bird that sings by night, the night insects, the wild duck and the fireflies all come back to the old pine tree to see the little owl and to hear his "Who-oo-oo, whooo-oo-ooo, whooo-oo-ooo is so happy as I?" with the contented chuckle at the end?

ASHAMED FOR HIM

Verse and Drawings
by L. J. Bridgman

Does anybody really know why maple trees are blushing so?



*They say that little imp-o-lite,
Jack Frost, is out again at night.*



*I do not like the tricks he plays.
He pinches cheeks on autumn days*



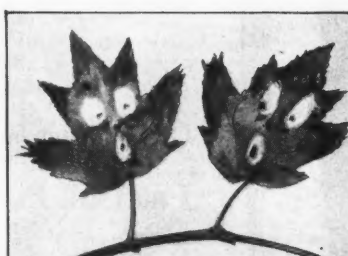
*And takes delight in numbing toes
As all about the world he goes.*



*The other morning, crisp and clear,
He bit my pastor on the ear*



*And tweaked my teacher's pinky nose.
He'd be ashamed, you might suppose.*



*Not he! The maple trees turn red
And blush and are ashamed instead!*

CAPITALS

By Pauline Frances Camp

*There are capital cities the wide world o'er;
At home and abroad on a foreign shore.
You may visit them sometime, lad and lass,
As over the broad highways you pass,
But I hope that your feet will never stand
In capital I of Selfish Land!*

*Three eyes has each person who there abides:
Two to see with and one besides.
And 'tis this one they talk about, "I—I—I!"
(With sometimes a change to "me" and
"my.")*

*For other folk's doings are almost banned
In capital I of Selfish Land!*

*In grammar not far do the scholars go.
First person singular's all they know!
They subtract the things from plate and tray,
But they cannot divide, I regret to say.
That's a thing that no one could understand
In capital I of Selfish Land.*

*Is there no remedy to apply,
For better conditions in capital I?
There's only one thing that these folk can do.
That's change their capital I to U!
'Tis the only hope, you understand,
For capital I of Selfish Land.*

Your Child's Health

Ready
for
Bed

Depends on the Fabric

used in making the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

Dr. Denton

Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

Every Mother Should Know

that *bleached* and *unbleached* cotton are as different as black and white.

Bleached cotton is *COLD*, absorbs and holds perspiration like a sponge—a ready conductor letting the vital body-heat escape, and conveying cold to the skin. It is ideal for summer, but clammy and cold for winter wear.

Unbleached cotton, used in Denton fabric, is WARM. Each fiber is still covered with the natural cotton wax and will *not* absorb water. Perspiration is carried off *on the surface* of the loose-spun fibers and the child's skin is always *dry and warm*.

To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool, *double carded*.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling. *The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.*

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching. Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape and elasticity.*

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

Our patented, extra-full seat provides ample room in seat and crotch.

Dentons are well made in every way: *elastic outside seams, collars double thickness, good buttons, strong button holes, facings all stayed.*

Ideal for fresh-air sleeping, camping or touring.

(We also make Soft-Knit Hoods for out-door sleeping.)

Dentons have a mottled, light-gray color that does not readily show soil. *Each size is amply proportioned.*

Denton quality is rigidly maintained.

Our prices are always low in relation to quality as we are the largest and only exclusive makers of knit sleeping garments.

Sizes 0 to 6 have turn-down cuffs; sizes 7 to 14, plain cuffs. Sizes 0, 1 and 2 are extra large at hips to allow for use of diapers.

Insist on genuine Dentons. Our name is on neck hanger and our trade mark is on tag attached to each garment.

If you cannot get genuine Dentons from your dealer, write us.

Over 5,000 Leading Dry Goods and Department Stores Sell Dentons.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills,

760 MILL STREET,

CENTREVILLE, MICHIGAN.

This picture is on the trade mark tag attached to every genuine Dr. Denton Garment.

TRADE MARK



REAR VIEW.

for Economical Transportation



From Stage Coach to Automobile

At the Denver Pageant of Progress in July, 1923 there was exhibited the first stage coach that entered Cripple Creek, Colorado—still in usable condition. One of the Sioux Indian Chiefs in the illustration took part in the Custer massacre.

This photograph forcefully illustrates the wonderful progress that has been made in this country in this generation due chiefly to better means for transportation.

It seems a far cry from the Custer massacre to the Denver Pageant of Progress, and from the slow and cumbersome stage coach crawling o'er perilous trails, to the modern Chevrolet rolling comfortably and safely over improved mountain highways; yet all these changes have occurred within a few years.

The automobile has conquered mountain and desert and wilderness and changed the whole character of our national life and outlook. It is today's most important single factor in civilization and commerce.

For economical transportation Chevrolet epitomizes the progress of the industry to date along the line of maximum economy consistent with modern requirements as to engineering efficiency and satisfactory quality.

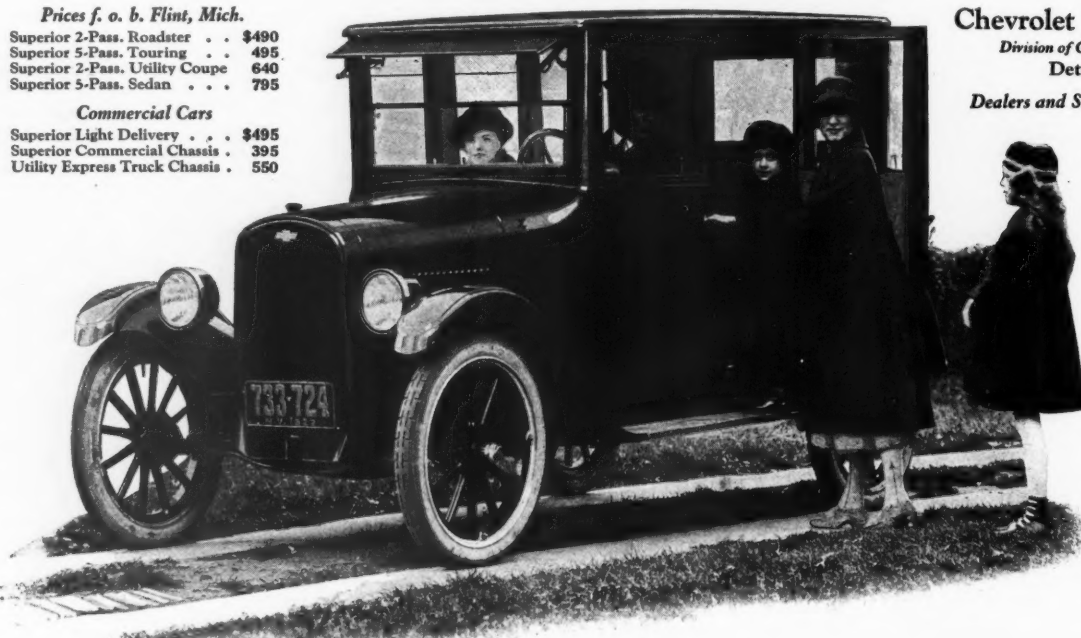
The wonderful increase in our sales proves that Chevrolet is leading in the evolution of individual transportation which measures and records the progress of civilization.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Superior 2-Pass. Roadster . . .	\$490
Superior 5-Pass. Touring . . .	495
Superior 2-Pass. Utility Coupe . . .	640
Superior 5-Pass. Sedan . . .	795

Commercial Cars

Superior Light Delivery . . .	\$495
Superior Commercial Chassis . . .	395
Utility Express Truck Chassis . . .	550



Chevrolet Motor Company

Division of General Motors Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Dealers and Service Stations Everywhere